

SICK

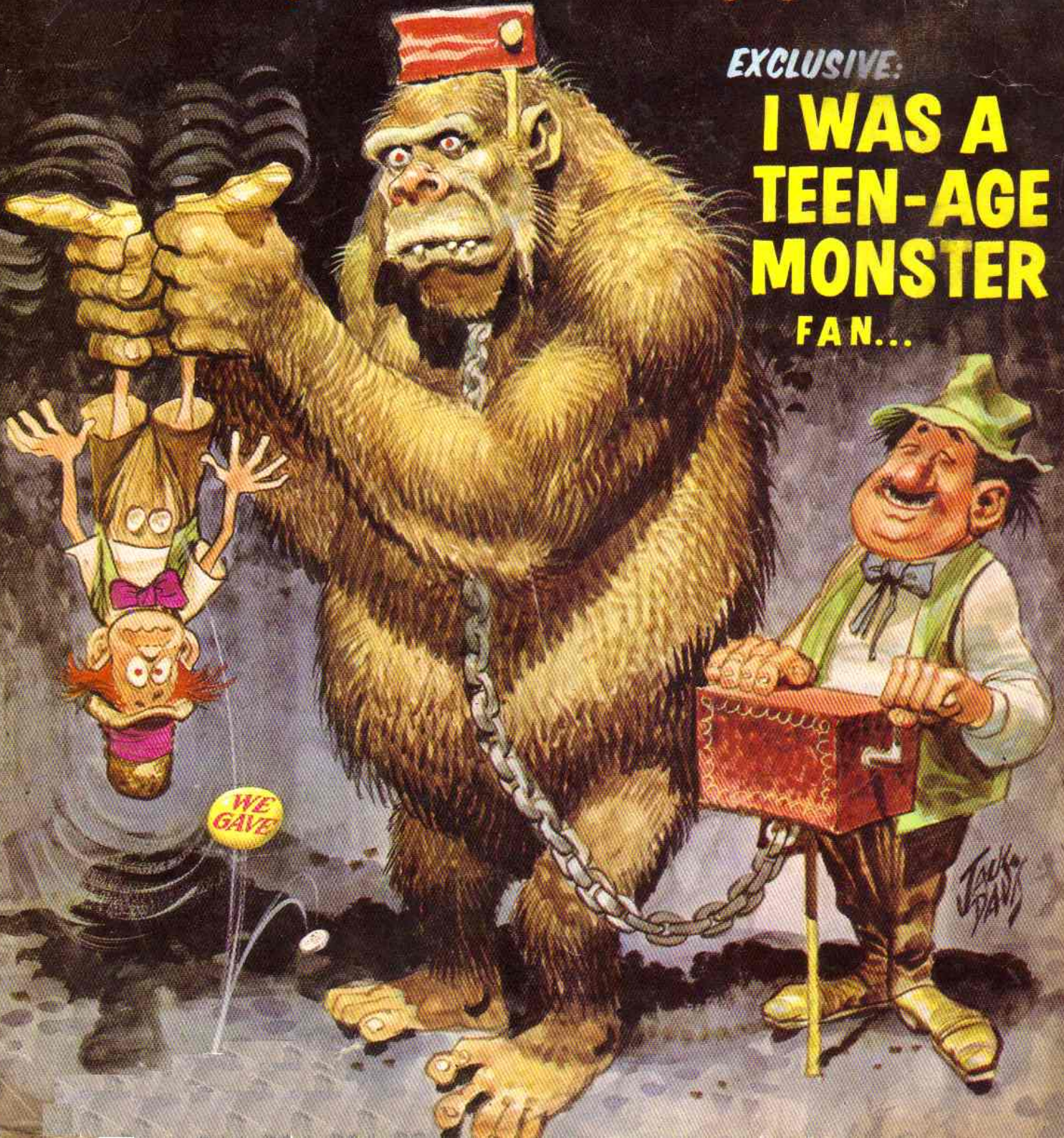
FEBRUARY
25¢

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

ICD

EXCLUSIVE:

I WAS A TEEN-AGE MONSTER FAN...



WANT TO LOSE FRIENDS AND INFURIATE PEOPLE? IT'S EASY
WHEN YOU KNOW HOW! SIMPLY SEND THEM THESE . . .

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-OVER

SICK ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

*The City Planning Commission
wishes to instruct you that
the building you live in
has been condemned
and desires that you
vacate the premises
immediately
making way for the
wrecking crews
who will arrive in the morning.*

The County Clerk's office
finds after searching through its
records
that a mixup occurred
in the hospital
at the time of your birth
and that you are really
somebody else.
Please call at the above office
for further details.

***The Main Street Mortuary
takes pride in announcing
that you have just been awarded
an all-expense-paid-funeral.
This offer expires
one week from today
so you are respectfully urged
to do the same.***

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

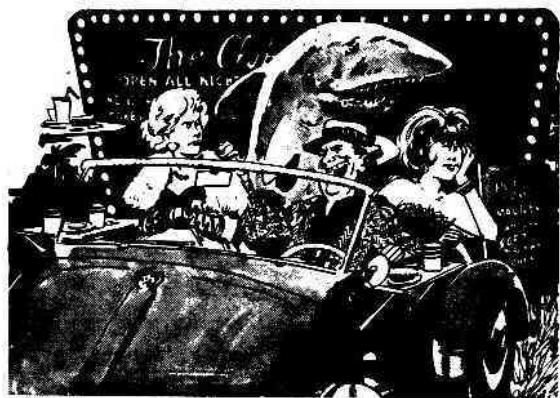
The City Health Department
has evidence which leads us
to believe that during the past year
you have slowly been poisoned
and suggests that you not panic
but report to this office immediately
for emergency treatment.



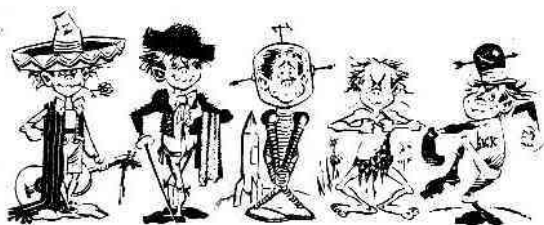
Next Season's TV



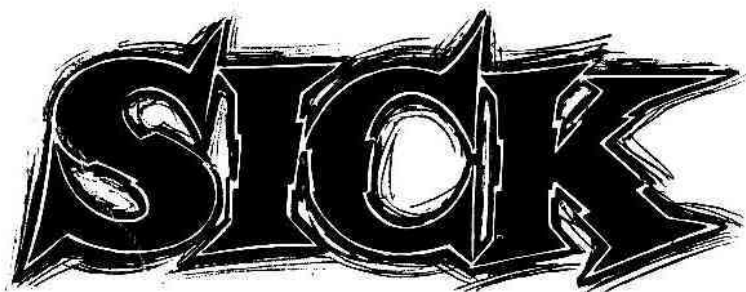
Teen-age News



Middle-age News



Huckleberry Fink



No. 34

Volume 5—Number 4—February, 1965

Your Happy Holidays . . .

An American youth seated next to a nice old English lady on an airliner was vigorously occupied chewing gum. Finally the old lady nudged him. "It's nice of you to try to make conversation," she said, "but I must tell you, I'm totally deaf." . . . 12

Newsreel . . .

A warm crackling fire in the living room doesn't make news, unless, of course, you don't have a fireplace. . . . 31

Autographed Monster Pinups . . .

The Fly to his son: "I think your human is open." . . . 20

SICK Schoolroom . . .

The professor was quite the tyrant. One day a note was found pinned to his door—"Tomorrow will be Thursday if it's all right with you. Signed, God." . . . 38

Huckleberry Fink . . .

Did you know that Huck Fink takes milk baths? He can't find a cow tall enough for a shower. . . . 24

Movie Spoof . . . — The 7th Dawn . . .

The story of the Malaysians' fight for independence. You can't put all the blame on the British. We'd have had less trouble in this country today if the Indians had had stricter immigration laws. . . . 14

New Beatle Movie Roles . . .

We don't have a Beatle story but how about the termite that went to a tavern and asked, "is the bar tender here?" . . . 4

Sick Sick World . . .

Some crematoriums are selling ashes to cannibals and advertising them as instant people. . . . 46

Automotive Section . . .

If you make a right turn from a left lane you are probably just careless and not what the driver in back called you. . . . 40

Joe Simon
Editor

Dee Caruso
Feature Editor

Paul Laiken
Bill Levine
Bill Majeski
Bill Dixon

Contributing Writers

Bob Powell
Art Director

Jack O'Brien
Production

SICK is published monthly except January, April, July and October by **Headline Publications, Inc.**, Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 25¢; subscription rate in the United States and possessions, \$2.00 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, \$2.50. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at Canton, Ohio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1965 by Headline Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyrighted under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

The huge success of the Beatles' first movie, "A Hard Day's Night," has sent hollywood producers scurrying to find bigger and

FUTURE MOVIE ROLES

Script by Paul Laikin

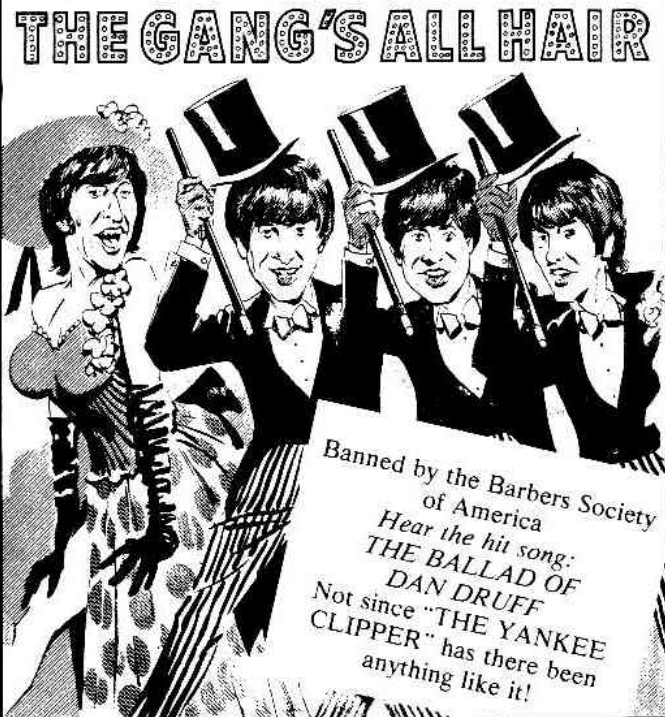
THE MYSTERY MOVIE

Alfred Hitchcock's suspense masterpiece!



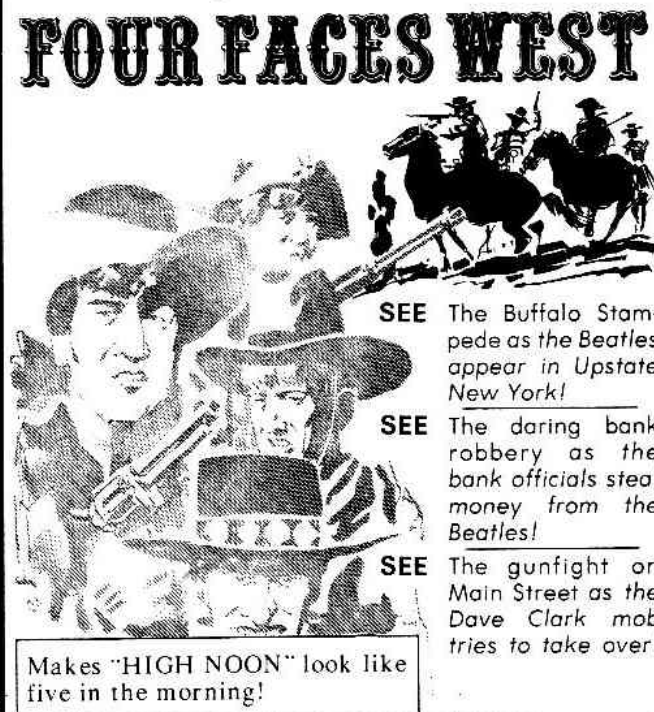
THE MUSICAL MOVIE

The greatest movie ever produced!



THE WESTERN MOVIE

The western they said couldn't be done!



THE HORROR MOVIE

The most HORRIBLE picture ever made!



better movie scripts in which to star the fabulously successful quartet. One idea might be to re-make some of the old, great film classics — like these . . .

FOR THE BEATLES

Art by Angelo Torres

THE ADVENTURE MOVIE

The mightiest adventure story of our time!

RINGO STARR
in

**WANTED
RINGS**

*They invented a sound
that traveled faster
than a jet plane . . .*



Hear Ringo sing:
"I WANNA HOCK
YOUR HAND"

THE HISTORIC MOVIE

The all-time box-office champ!

Gone With the Wig



Starring

john lennon ringo starr
as Rhett Butler as Scarlett O'Hara

and featuring
GEORGE HARRISON &
PAUL McCARTNEY

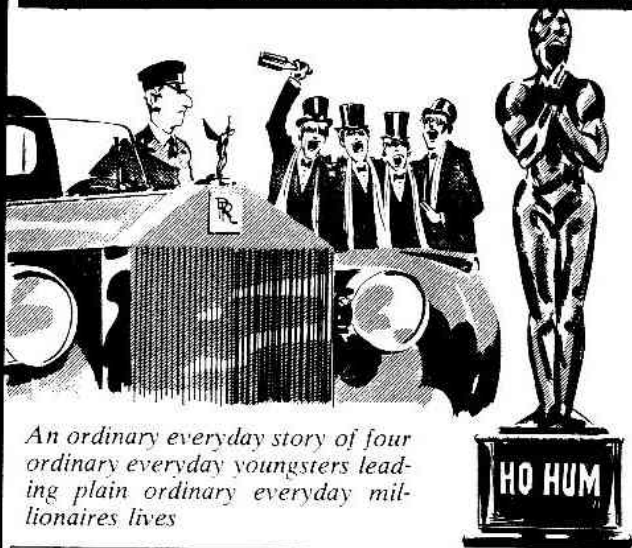
in the roles Elvis and Fabian
turned down

YOU MUST LET YOUR HAIR DOWN AND SEE IT!
May start another Civil War!!

THE DRAMA MOVIE

Samuel Goldwhim's immortal classic!

THE BEST YEAHS OF OUR LIVES



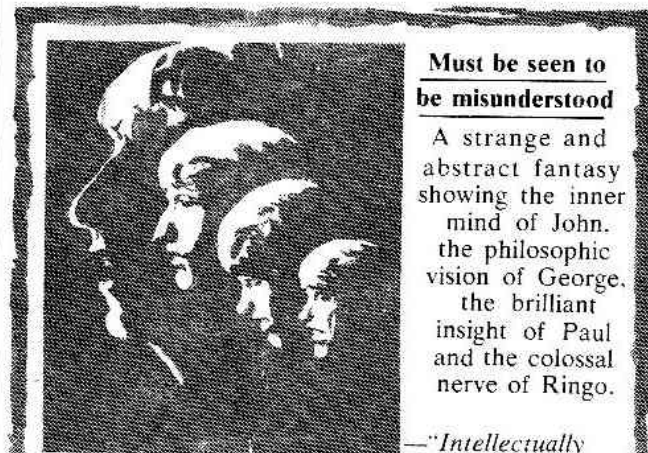
*An ordinary everyday story of four
ordinary everyday youngsters lead-
ing plain ordinary everyday mil-
lionaires lives*



Nominated as the most
ordinary everyday picture of the
year

THE ARTY MOVIE

Ingmer Bergwoman's intellectual masterpiece!



**Must be seen to
be misunderstood**

A strange and
abstract fantasy
showing the inner
mind of John.
the philosophic
vision of George,
the brilliant
insight of Paul
and the colossal
nerve of Ringo.

—“Intellectually
stimulating.”—
Rocky Graziano

GOWANUS FILMS presents
INGMAR BERGWOMAN'S

WILD STRAWBEATLES

PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL
THE ENDING TO YOUR FRIENDS
(They won't understand it either!)

Sickcerely Yours.

Dear Sick:

The next crack you make like you did in the September issue about West Virginia we'll maserate you. There are other states as poor as ours. You have to search in our state to find such poor places.

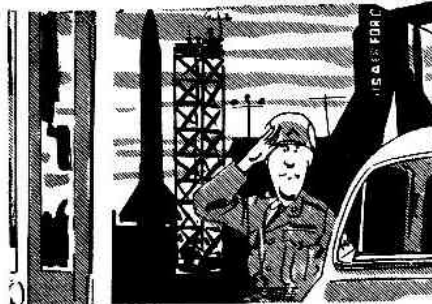
Now please apologize to me in your letters column 'cause I love this lovely state and I'll be loyal to it 'til the end of my time.

Nigel Lewis Jennings
608 College Avenue
Bluefield, West Virginia

ED: Your letter arrived, postage due.

Dear Sick:

On page 19, August issue, you depict a U.S. Air Force base with an M.P. standing guard. Gentlemen, I'm shocked.



The army and Marines have M.P.'s but the Air Force has a Security and Law Enforcement Agency, The Air Police, who are affectionately known as A.P.'s. Despite the gross error on your part, you're still A-OK.

A2c Chuck Stevens
1100 Air Police Squadron
Bollin AFB, Washington, D.C.

ED: To the A.P.'s they're affectionately known as A.P.'s.

Dear Ed:

The November SICK was wonderfully funny and I loved the Celebrity Bubblegum Cards, but how, oh how, could you have forgotten to include my favorite star, Lana Turner? She's been married twice as many times as Ava Gardner and should not have been left out... Let's have more celebrity bubblegum cards and this time let's have one on Lana.

Lou Valentino
1575 Pelham Parkway
Bronx, New York

ED: Sorry, we don't do sick material.

People:

Who do you think you are? The things that you print are not fit to be read. You print these letters and then reply with a smart aleck remark. You had better not do that to me.

Lily Louis
137 East Broadway
New York, New York

ED: Okay, Louis, drop that gun.

Dear Sick:

I think your magazine is one of the worst things that ever happened to America. That picture of the Beatles bald first appeared in Mad (ED: It first appeared in Mad a month after it appeared in Sick).

By the way, your article called "The Wings of the Dove" first appeared on "That Was The Week That Was" and I noticed that you do not mention this or



give credit for the script to one of your writers (ED: The writer was Dee Caruso who liked it so much after he wrote it for Sick that he used it on "That Was The Week" which he also writes).

I can only hope that in the future you will try and get some original ideas instead of using those of another magazine or TV show (ED: Don't you feel stupid now?). I cannot blame you for not printing this letter but if you do, please don't bug me with one of your nauseating replies.

Samuel Freund
522 East 51st Street
Brooklyn, New York

ED: We'll print anything.

Gentlemen (ha ha):

I'm ashamed of you. You ought to send the writer of "Stick 'Em Up" (ED: Dee Caruso wrote that) back to grammar school. In the second paragraph it says, "the thief got 400 wraps." The next sentence says "THEY unloaded their..."

"Thief" is singular and "they" is plural. Any comments? (ED: Yes, "they" ARE plural?). Otherwise your magazine is excellent (ED: Forget it).

By the way, your article "The Wings of the Dove," is very, very similar to a

skit done on "That Was The Week That Was."

Sickcerely yours,

Arnold Berry
55 Caroline Avenue
Island Park,
Long Island, New York

ED: Caruso wrote all of them. He may be ungrammatical, but boy, is he rich.

Dear Ed:

What goes with the TV show, "That Was The Week That Was?" Their Cypress War skit first appeared in Sick months

And that's the way it is—
this is Sander Van Ocur,
NBC News, Cyprus.



before they did it. Do you sell them your old material?

Neil Glanzman
Syosset, New York

ED: We don't even sell magazines.

Dear Eddie baby,

I just wanted to tell you how your August edition was. My father threw it into the fireplace after he tore it up. And that was my girlfriend's Sick magazine too. Twenty-five cents—wasted. I wonder if the world profited by this.

Alida Corneluis
2837 Regan Road
Louisville, Kentucky

ED: If it warmed you up just a little, friend, we've profited.

Dear Sick:

I know you don't print this magazine (so called) to please me but if you ever decide to, please have more picture captions. If you do, I will compliment you and say your magazine is really sick. I like your sarcasm and honesty. The world needs more of it, don't you agree?!!

Miss Karen Senajian
15852 Wisconsin Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

ED: More sarcasm, yes—more honesty, no.

Like, Dear Sick:

You may think your magazine is Sick, but I think your humor is the most and got the biggest kick (in the head) over your November issue.

I really flipped over "Headlines to

Great ART." I think the character on the cover is a-real cool stud. He is my idol, and I dig him the most.

John V. Gaimari
178 East 155th Street
Harvey, Illinois

ED: He speaks well of you, too, John.

Dear Sick People,

In your November 1964 issue I quote you as saying "Over 12 million people viewed it on television. We wonder if it ever occurred to any of these people to look out their window and see the same eclipse live." I am referring to your column of Sick, "Sick, Sick, World."

Next time an eclipse comes by your place look at it for a long time and then maybe you'll be too blind to write that magazine of yours. Also outside of the bad jokes, art, and insulting remarks you got a good magazine.

Steven M. Moses
1812 East 18th Street
Brooklyn, New York

ED: Our writers get blind watching TV. But they usually sober up by morning.

Dear (?) Thugs:

I think that your witty, clever, smart epigrammatic, jocular, smartly quick-witted, pungent, brilliant, hilarious, wag-gish, jacobse, facetious, comical, whimsical, humorous, springy, sparkling, sprightly magazine stinks.

Way Out Rocket
204 West King Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

ED: And we were just beginning to like you!

Dear Sick:

I am writing from Saigon, Vietnam. I am at the Vietcong Political prison in Hanoi.

Since I am to face the firing squad tomorrow, I wouldn't mind if you published this letter.

Wm. H. Algren
Hanoi, North Vietnam

P.S. I will my eyes to you near-sighted bums, if they are still intact.

ED: We checked. They weren't.

Gentlemen:

I am sorry that I can't be an official drop-out. I graduated from high school in 1960. If someone is willing to send me to college I would gladly drop out in three-and-a-half years.

Freda Lynch
215 North Washington Street
Shelby, North Carolina

ED: Forget it! Dee Caruso spent six years in college and still spells it with one "o."

DEAR SICKLINGS:

You bums have no right to make fun of the *METS*, *THE BEST TEAM IN BASE-BALL*. Because you nuts can't play better than *THE LILLY FEATHERS*. And who is Ed, some kind of fink? You guys better watch what you say about *NINA KHRUSHCHEV*, she may drop an *A-BOMB* on you.

Bobby Dahr
71 Ivy Drive
Meriden, Connecticut

ED: We've got news for you. The *METS* can't play better than the *Lilly Feathers*, whatever they are.

IN **SICK**
NEXT ISSUE

"RUMBLE"



The Magazine
for Young Hoods

for collectors... **THE
SATIRE THAT
JFK LOVED--**

Printed before Dallas, this highly acclaimed picture-caption book is now being offered for sale in order to contribute (50% of all profits) to the **JFK**



**MEMORIAL
LIBRARY**



Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

**LOOK
WHO'S
TALKING**



Hilarious
Talking
Pin-ups

BARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE



SINATRA BRIGITTE BARDOT TONY CURTIS SONNY LISTON

MANDY RICE-DAVIES JOHN WAYNE PAUL BURNES BRANDO

LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

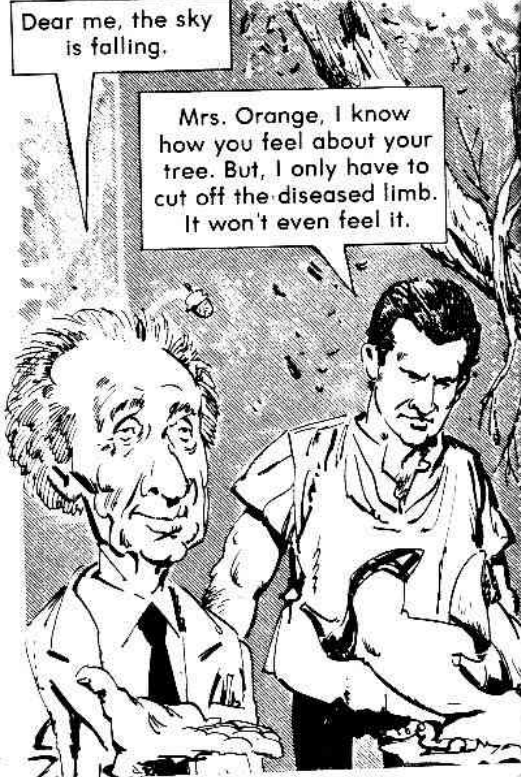
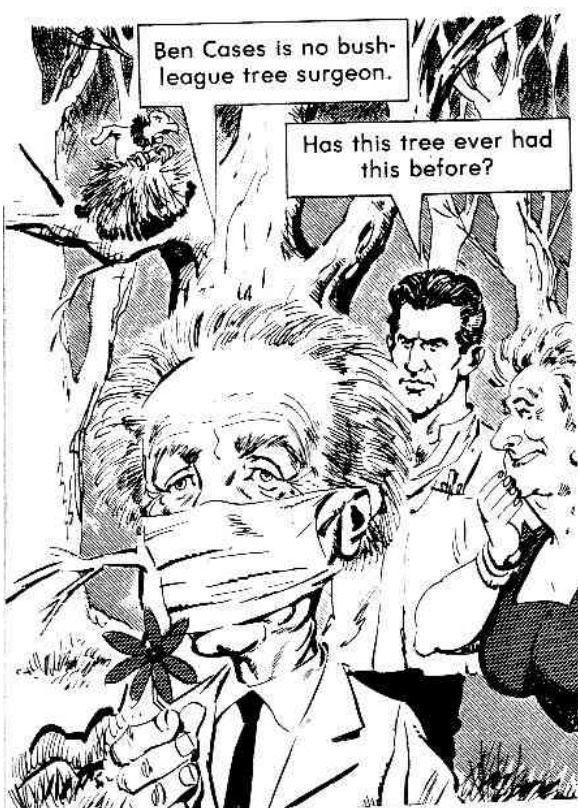
Send 50¢ per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paper-back" volume) to "Look Who's Talking," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.



The television networks, always ready to copy a good thing, now have nearly as many doctors as cowboys. Even "The Nurses" has added doctors this season. It is rumored that a new doctor show is in the makings, with slight variations to give television a shot in the arm. Having run out of human diseases, the feature will feature Dr. Ben Cases, a tree surgeon, who has deep roots in his work. Watch for this new show from Medicine Avenue featuring diseases never before seen on television. You'll dig - - -

BEN CASES TREE SURGEON

Script by Jim Atkins Art by Angelo Torres



I can't let you do it.

Dr. Zoobar, take that saw and cut off one of my legs. I want to prove that there will be no pain.

I hope you know what you're doing, some people cannot stand to see their trees hurt.

I hope YOU know what you're doing...

Well, a limb for a limb, Ben Cases!

You should never operate without consent of my parents, Dr. Zoobar.

Can you feel any pain?

I feel nothing.



You may proceed. But I want Dr. Zoobar to perform the operation.

A fine operation, Dr. Zoobar. By the way, where did you study tree surgery?

I took a post-graduate course.

I lumbered through it for a week, but quit. I wanted to become a tree surgeon, but I couldn't stand the sight of sap.

I received my doctor of philosophy, that's why I try to stand around and offer you a lot of philosophical sayings. If you hear of any sick philosopher, let me know.

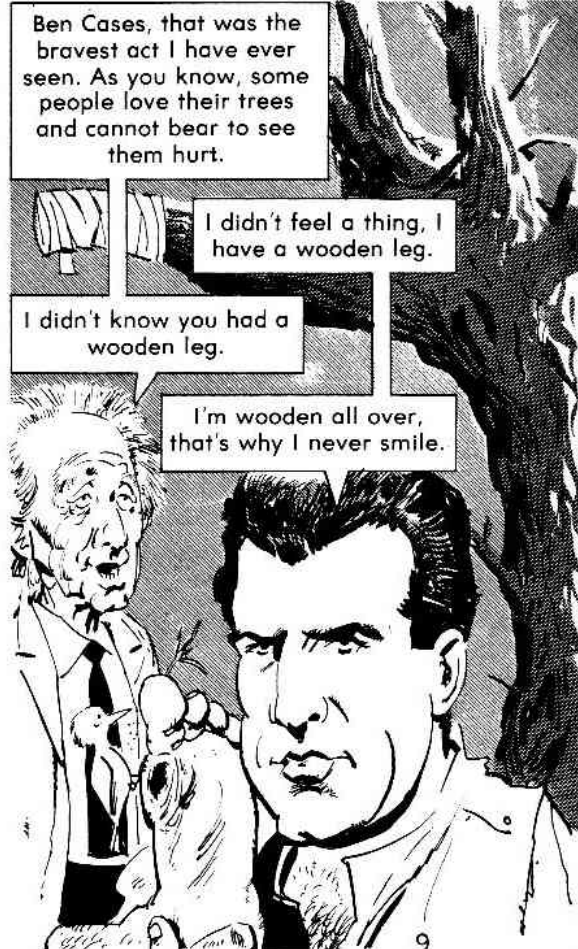
I'm so happy. You two are wonderful. You should open a branch office.

Ben Cases, that was the bravest act I have ever seen. As you know, some people love their trees and cannot bear to see them hurt.

I didn't feel a thing. I have a wooden leg.

I didn't know you had a wooden leg.

I'm wooden all over, that's why I never smile.

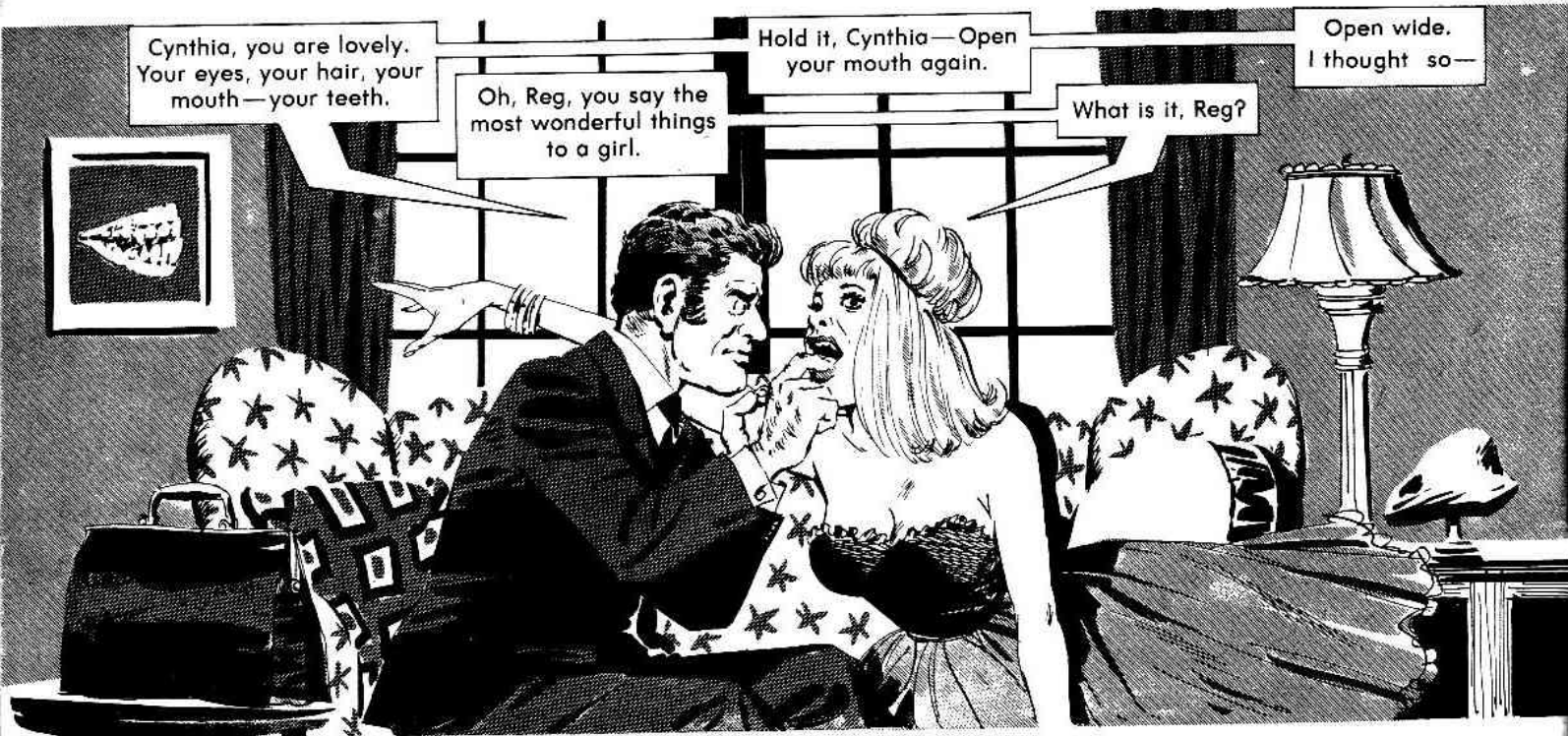


The prediction for the coming TV season is a continuation of the trend toward medical series. A possibility: a TV series

with a dentist as its hero. We know one of the scenes you're bound to see on this show:

A YANK AT OXFORD

DENTAL SCHOOL



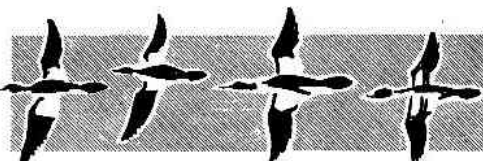
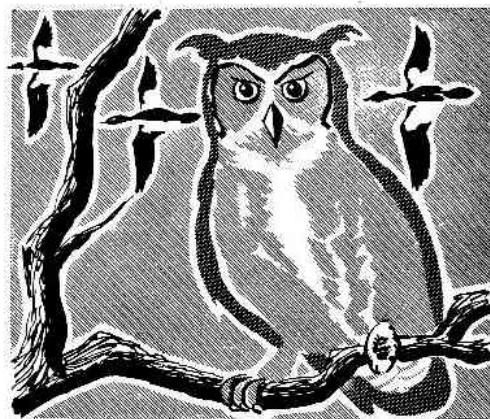
Are you fed up to the cerebellum with deep meanings, hidden meanings, symbolism, morals, simple truths, eternal truths, punch lines? Here is a refreshing little fable with no message and no point. If you can read ANYTHING into this you've been brain-washed.

a fable

by Stan Kay

The Left-Wingers and the Right-Wingers

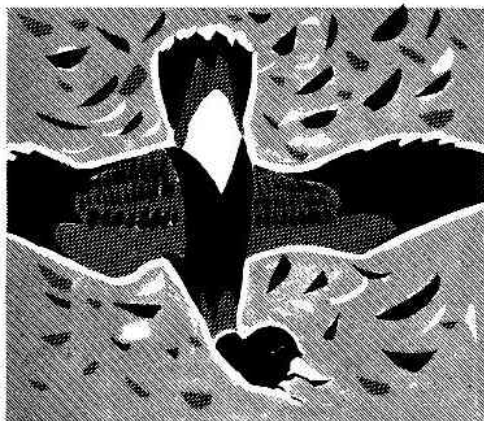
A nearsighted owl sat in a bramble tree and got a great idea for the birds. All the other birds, not himself, which is the very greatest kind of idea. It was stupid, he reasoned, to migrate north and south in winter and summer. He didn't do it.



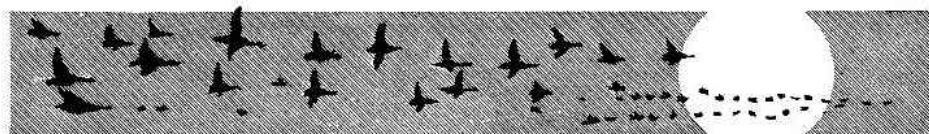
He would teach all the birds to flap their left wings twice when they flapped their right wings once. That way they would fly in circles to their right and never leave home.



Like all nearsighted owls this one was a good nag. Soon whole flocks of birds were making lazy circles in the sky.



A patriotic eagle sat in a birch tree and decided there was something SINISTER about all that left-wing flapping. He detested the owl and all he stood for. So he intimidated a lot of birds into flapping their RIGHT wings twice when they flapped their left wings once. Naturally these right-wingers circled to the left. With the left-wingers circling right and the right-wingers circling left, the effect was smashing.



Of course many birds still go to Florida in the winter.

AND NOW, A COMMERCIAL---

My girl friend, Sadie, and I had the nicest trip to Florida aboard the EastWestern Astrojet that treats you like a guest instead of a customer.

A paying guest, of course.

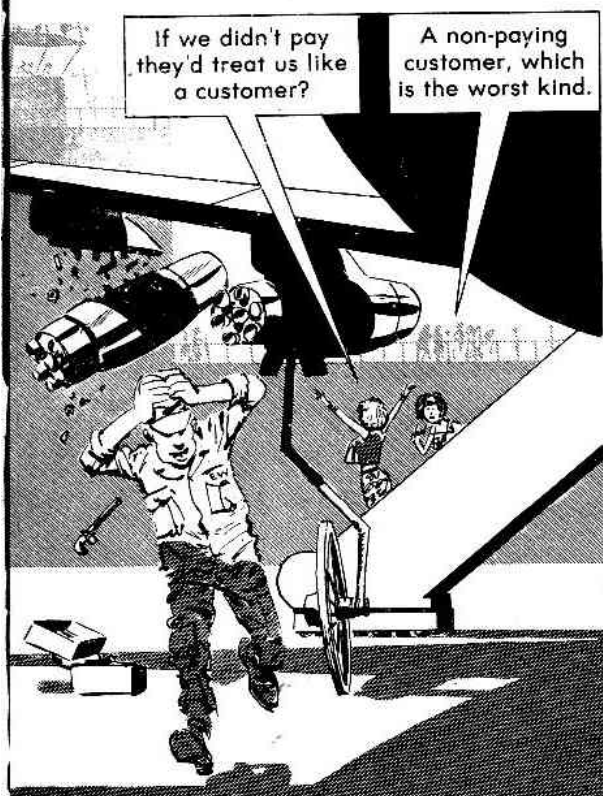


Your Happy Holiday

by Joe Simon

If we didn't pay they'd treat us like a customer?

A non-paying customer, which is the worst kind.



With the possible exception of a non-paying guest. Hotel clerks just hate non-paying guests.

BAGGAGE



Anyway, it's pretty clear why we're here. Why else would we fly to this miserably hot country in the thick of summer on the airline that never seats you three across...

Mainly to find a husband?



That's why we put on these sexy one-piece bathing suits and head right for the swimming pool where the boys are.

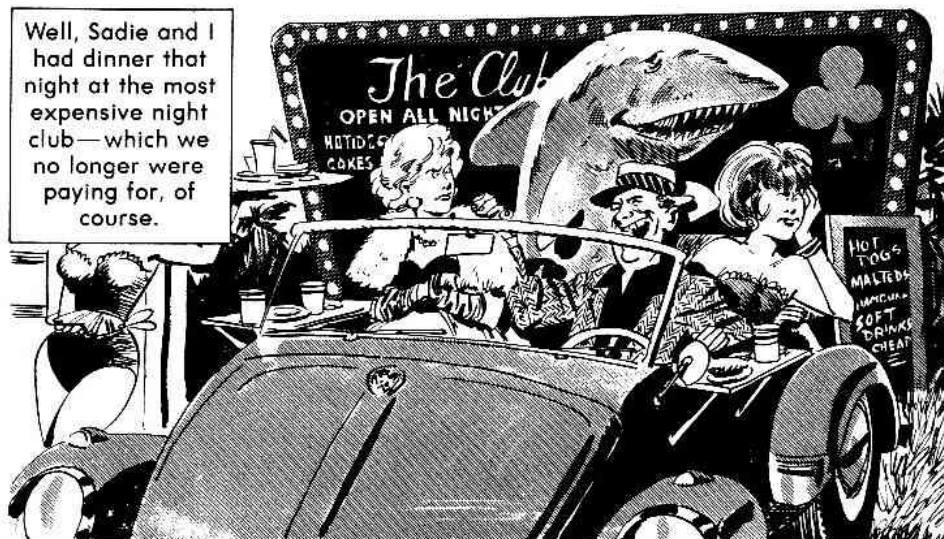
You girls know how it works— You spot a good-looking guy who's about to dive in. Then, you dive in from the opposite end...

Bump heads under water. That will knock the sense out of him.

And if you're not a dog, he'll think it's love.



Well, Sadie and I had dinner that night at the most expensive night club—which we no longer were paying for, of course.



Some guys go for girls who take their shoes off and wade in the water under that miserably hot Florida moon.

Jerry seemed like that type—**STUPID.**



Jerry and I are spending our honeymoon on the Riviera where we'll also spend his life savings. Of course we'll fly there via EastWestern Airlines. It's the least I can do.



What about me? Do I have to go home alone?

You can always see Florida, Sadie. That's what we came for, isn't it?



YOU MEET THE NICEST PEOPLE
WHEN YOU FLY EASTWESTERN

The 7th Dawn

This is the story of the trouble in Malaysia after World War Two. Most of the trouble was that the people there didn't know the war had ended as they hadn't seen a paper in weeks. But those who did, found themselves governed by the British who felt the Malaysians weren't intelligent enough to govern themselves. In fact these people were so backward that the Peace Corps unit assigned to teach them were Hottentot-Bushmen. The Malaysians however, thought they could govern themselves and formed terrorists groups to drive out the British. This movie tells of the conflict between the two sides. It was filmed entirely where it happened—right on the back lot of the studio. And it has a lot suspense—the suspense being, when is it going to end already!

The movie opens just as the news of the war's end is being broadcast by a helicopter flying over the battlefield. Soldiers in the act of killing each other suddenly stop and begin singing and dancing and you wonder whether this is going to be a musical like *West Side Story*. It is a happy occasion and three guerilla buddies are holding their own private celebration. One is Ferris, (played by William Holden), an American engineer who had joined the guerilla forces because he thought it would be a good way to meet Eurasian girls. It seems that Ferris got into a little trouble back home for tampering with government property—a WAC in Denver. He is a devil-may-care playboy who likes his women soft, his liquor hard and his steaks medium. Then there is Ng (short for No-Goodnik) played by Tetsuro Tanaka who is trying to make a new name for himself in this movie and he certainly needs one. Ng is a soldier who is so tough that when he talks his echo comes back and apolo-

gizes for interrupting him. When he rides in a jeep the jeep shakes. Finally there is Dhana, played by Capucine who also needs another name as she's always turning around whenever somebody yells for Italian coffee. Dhana is an ideal guerilla fighter as the enemy doesn't fight back when she jumps on them. She is also a girl who looks great in Army fatigues and who looks even greater without them.

All during the war the trio had been together. They fought with the Malaysian army and they fought with the British army and they fought with the American army. It seems they couldn't get along with anybody. They were also responsible for the destruction of five tanks, eight machine-gun nests and a dozen

bazookas. Unfortunately this wasn't the property of the enemy. Ferris and Ng were very close—so much so that when one got shot the other started to bleed. And now, their work done, the three vow to remain friends to the end even though they are going their separate ways. Ng is going to Moscow to pursue his studies in Marxism. Ng is a man who believes in sharing everything—especially the other fellow's girl. Ferris plans to remain in Malaysia and go into the rubber business. He figures on starting small by selling pencil erasers on street corners. Dhana also plans to stay in Malaysia to help her people rebuild the country. Besides, she's a girl after Ferris' own heart—only later we find out that's not all she's after. And thus the trio breaks up. At the Railroad Station the goodbye scene is so sad that the motorman starts to cry.

The next scene is eight years later—which shows you how long the first scene dragged. Malaysia is now a police state. The entire country is the scene of terrorist rioting and looting that makes Mississippi look like a vacation spa. Everywhere there are demonstrations against the British. There is so much bloodshed that Blue Cross withdraws from the area. The leader of the terrorist group is none other than Ng who has returned from Moscow with Red guerilla training. He took a four-year course in Dirty Fighting and made it in two years. He is such a devoted Communist that he thinks the hillbillies of Tennessee

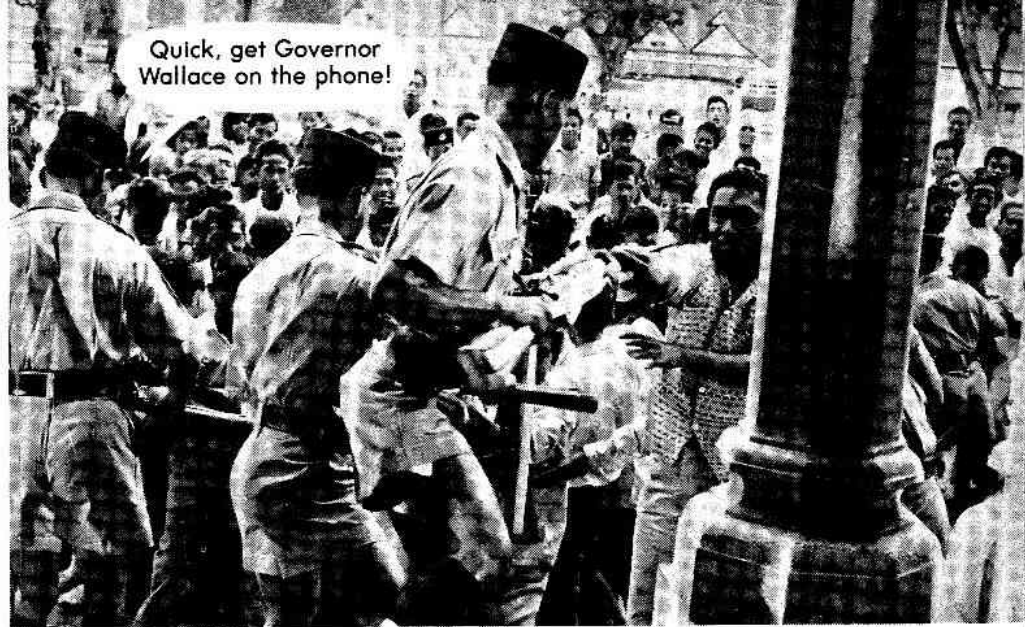


are Capitalists. Ng has a camp up in the hills where he spends his spare time trying to talk Hollywood into starring him in *The Fidel Castro Story*.

Ferris too has come a long way. He is now a rich property owner. He's so wealthy that when he writes out a check the bank bounces. When we first see him they've discovered more land on his property. Guests come to his home for dinner and he serves them money. In fact, Ferris has become so important that they name a wheel after him. Small wonder he's content to have things remain as they are and not mix in local politics. Dhana, on the other hand, throws herself fully into her country's problem. And there's certainly a lot of Dhana to throw around. She joins all sorts of organizations and becomes so involved with them that one day she finds she's accidentally joined both the NAACP and the Ku-Klux-Klan. One of the highspots of the movie is when Dhana leads a bicycle picket parade protesting against the ban on leading bicycle picket parades. Her position is one of compromise and she wins by getting into a compromising position. Dhana is a beautiful Eurasian girl—the daughter of a French father, a Malaysian mother and an American boarder. Mainly, Dhana is now Ferris' mistress.

The real conflict of the story occurs when British officials come to Ferris' home and ask him to find Ng and tell him to stop the terrorist raids. At first Ferris refuses to mix in. He says he would lie, cheat, steal, kill and do most anything but rat on a buddy—even though the buddy has turned traitor. The British find this very commendable and salute him. But then the British Commander tells him that these Malaysian terrorists have no respect for human life. The individual doesn't count. To them life is cheap. What should be done is drop an H-Bomb on these people and wipe them all out. Since this is impractical however, only Ferris can save the situation. Ferris again refuses and asks them to leave. But when a bomb is thrown in the room of a big party he's attending, Ferris gets mad. He was all set to make out with Candace, played by Susannah York, who is the British Commander's daughter. Just as he's about to kiss her the explosion takes place and Candace is heard to say, "They told me you were a crazy kisser, but this is ridiculous!"

Ferris had met Candace by accident earlier that day when she was swimming in the nude in a lake near his



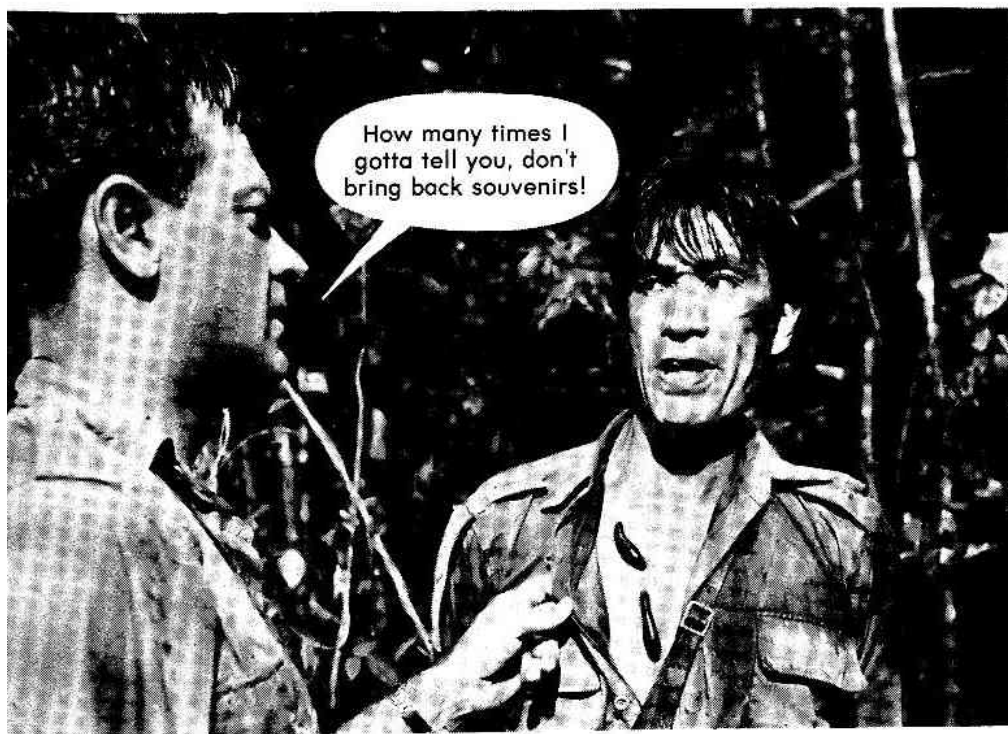


Do you really think it's too much vest?

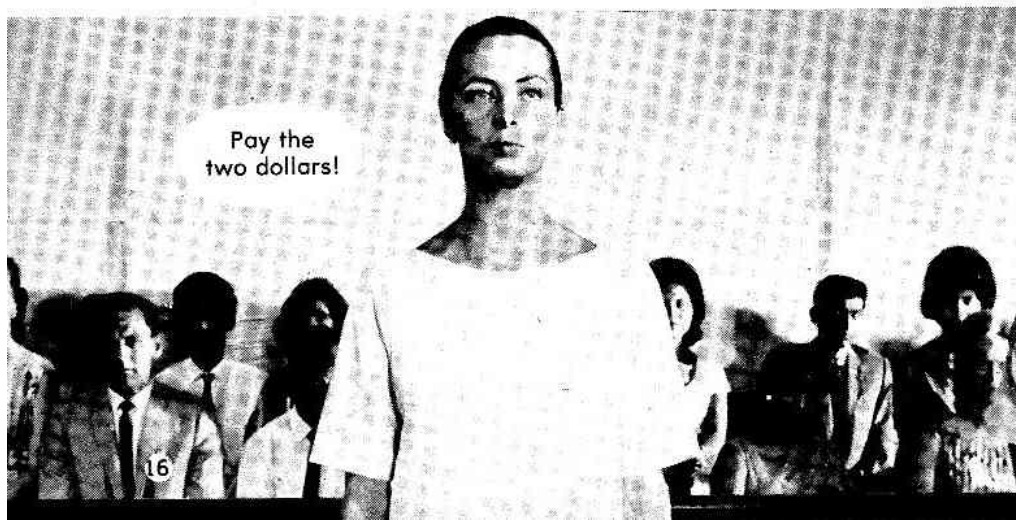
home. He tried to jump in and save her but she kept insisting that she wasn't drowning. Seeing her plight he tossed her a bikini and she put it on in the water. When she came out she certainly showed Ferris a thing or two. Mainly she invited him to the aforementioned party. And so Ferris now sets out to find Ng. He travels for five days in the hills where the temperature is 120 in the shade and the shade is in Saigon. It's so hot that the chickens are laying medium-boiled eggs. Ferris climbs over mountains, cuts through forests and wades into swamps. He finally gets there with the excuse that he was just in the neighborhood and thought he'd drop in.

Ferris finds Ng a changed man. No longer is Ng the same sweet old lovable guerilla killer he once knew and respected. Instead he finds a hard-core Communist who even has a tattoo of Malenkov on his navel. Ferris puts him down but tells him he still won't turn in his old buddy. They have a toast with some beer for old time's sake and Ferris leaves with a bad taste in his mouth because to him beer with toast is no combination. Meanwhile, the British Commander has ordered the entire village burned down as a reprisal for the bombing. Most upset by this is Dhana, especially when they burn down the beauty parlor where she gets those weird hairdos. She runs into the woods to join Ng and help him in his fight against the British.

One day shortly afterwards Dhana is picked up carrying explosives — a crime punishable by death according to British law. She insists upon her innocence and can't figure out who would want to put two hand grenades in her brassiere. She is taken into custody and told that she can go free if she tells where Ng is. Dhana refuses to talk and is thrown into a dingy prison where she remarks, "the guy that designed this jail sure created one heckuva stir!" Ferris comes along and tells her not to worry as he's trying to get hold of Roy Cohn. It doesn't work out however, and Dhana is soon tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang. Candace rushes to her father and begs him to spare Dhana but he refuses. So Candace decides to surrender herself to Ng as a hostage so that her father will free Dhana in exchange for her life. This she does but her father still won't free Dhana. Her father is a pompish officer who goes by the book and you soon get the feeling the book he's going by is Mein Kampf!



How many times I gotta tell you, don't bring back souvenirs!



Pay the two dollars!

This is the last straw for Ferris. So he finishes his drink, packs a bag and immediately sets out to bring back both Candace and Ng, whose capture will save Dhana. He has only 7 days in which to do this as Dhana will be hung on the 7th dawn — hence the name for this movie. Ferris is a real gambler and figures he can make the 7 and so once again he embarks on the long arduous trip. This time he remembers not to wear those creeping jockey shorts.

Meanwhile the British spot Ng's camp from the air. They immediately set out to wipe it off the map. The orders are to bomb it off the map. And so what follows is a bloody barrage of guns and shells. The battle is so hectic it makes "The Longest Day" look like five hours. In the wild scramble Ng escapes with Candace and Ferris arrives just in time to overtake them. A murderous fistfight ensues. Ferris wins by a knock-out and takes Ng prisoner. The trio then make their way through the thick jungle back to the village to save Dhana. During the trip Ng escapes and again fights with Ferris in a return match promoted by his manager. This time, as he is about to kill Ferris he is shot by Candace with a rifle. Whereupon Ferris soothes the terrified girl with, "don't worry, the police will believe your story and never convict you and if not, remember, life is short anyway." On his death bed Ng confesses that he was the one who framed Dhana so that the British would hang her and his cause would have a martyr. Ferris remarks that a guy who does this can't be all bad. Shortly afterward, Ferris and Candace plod on through the jungle once again but find the bridge to the mainland washed away. They are about to give up hope of ever coming out again when they are spotted by a British helicopter on the 7th dawn.

It is too late however, as Dhana has already been hung — which is a switch on the usual movie with a happy ending. No wonder some of the ads read, "Please do not reveal the ending to your friends." It's such a sad one they wouldn't want to see the rest of the picture! Dhana's death has not been in vain though — it has softened the British rule.

Ferris bugged by it all, says goodbye to a sad Candace. He tells her not to call him but that he'll call her. The main reason Ferris is bugged though, is because at the end of the picture he realizes that this isn't another "Bridge on the River Kwai"...

more on next page



That's the last time I'll ever smoke in bed.



Uh-h, Big Mouth is here. Now everybody'll know!

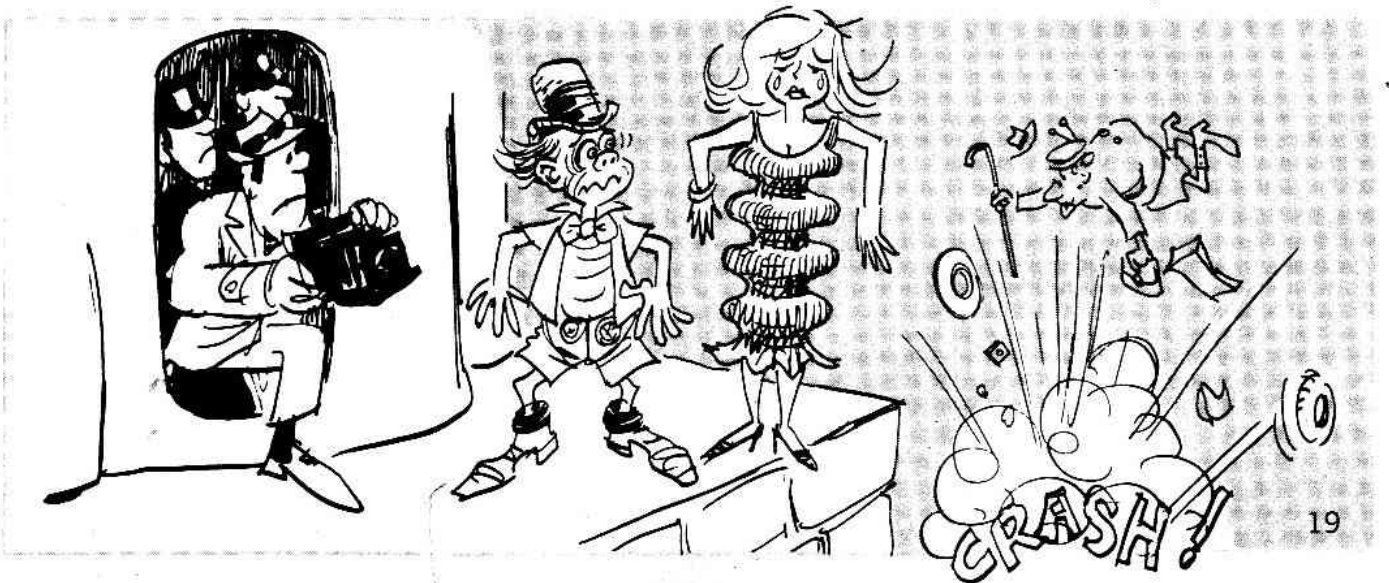
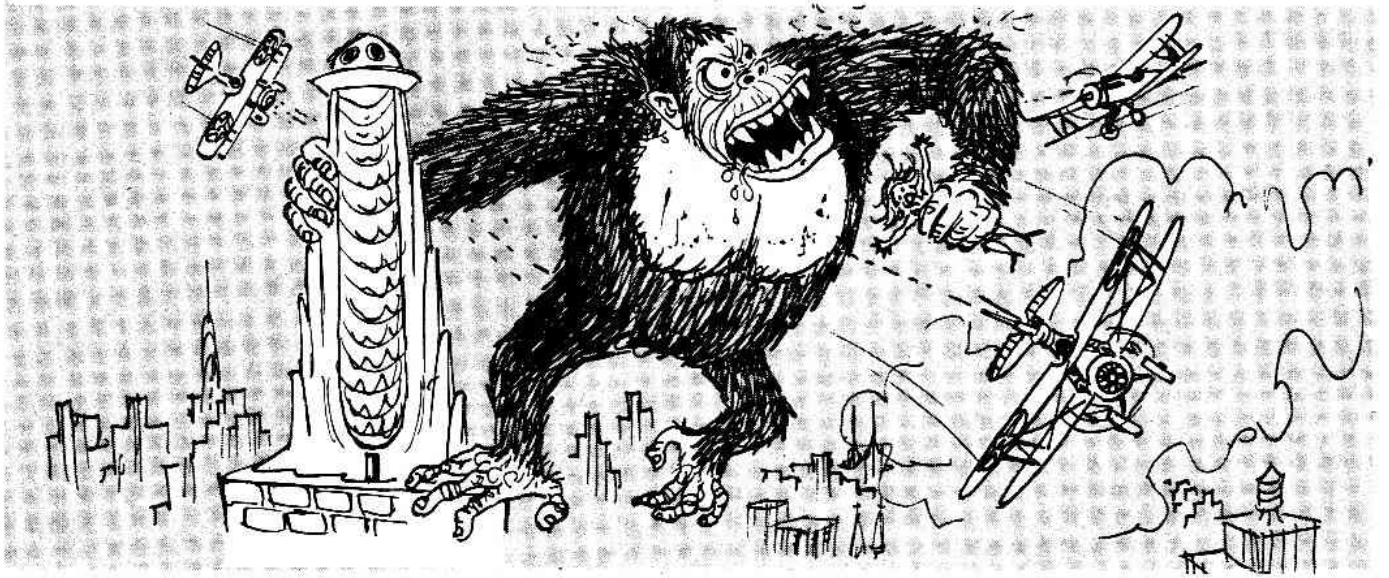


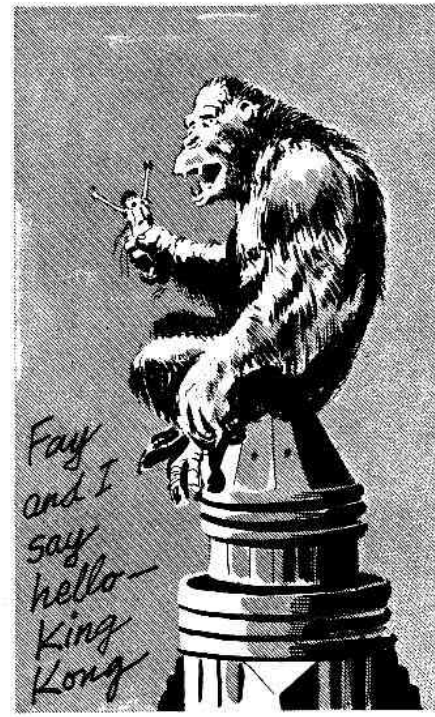
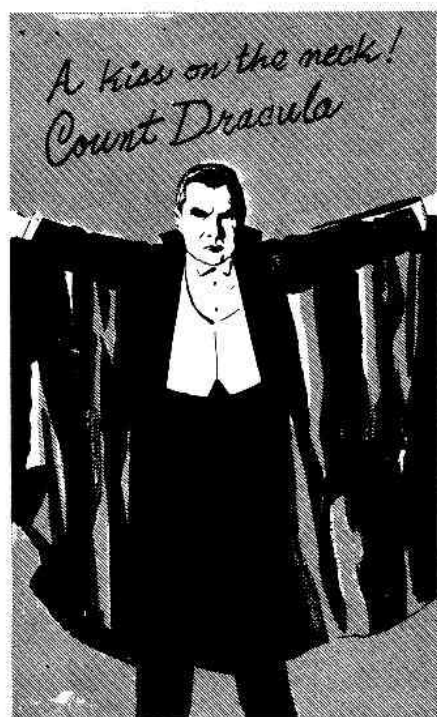
Darling, about your breath...

*Tender
love scenes
from The
7th Dawn*



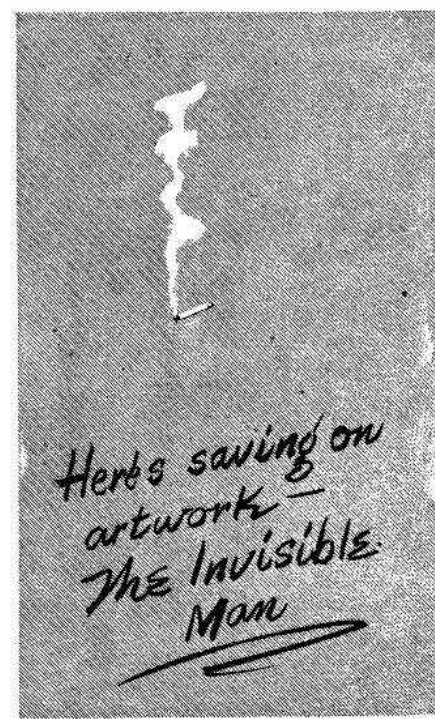
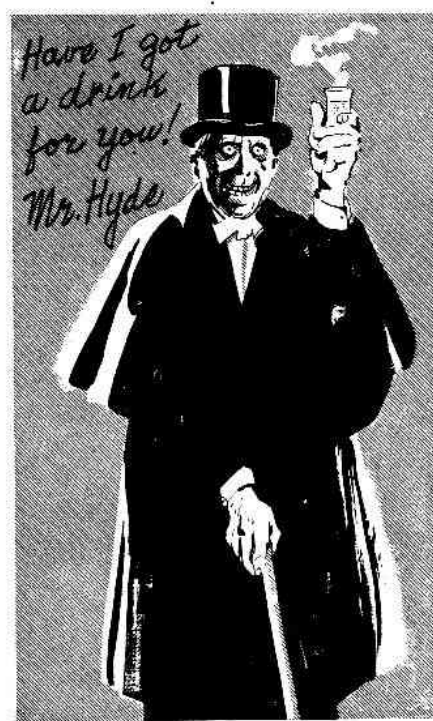
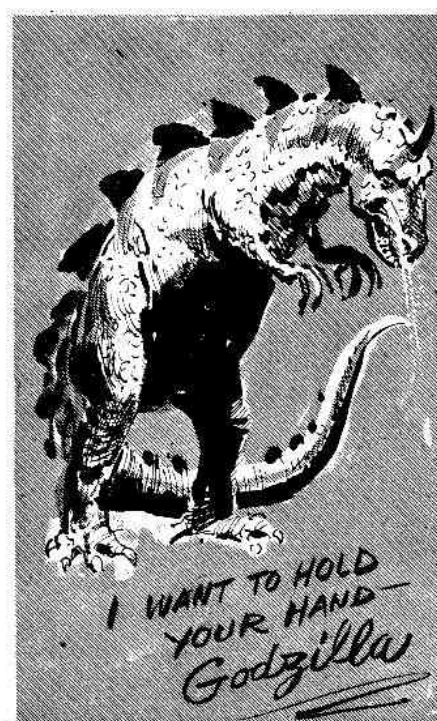
HUCKLEBERRY FINK KING KONG





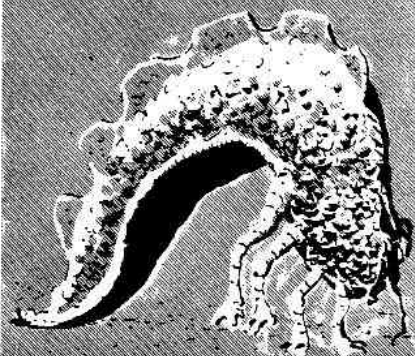
AUTOGRAPH

FROM THE PICTURE ALBUM OF





Soon we'll all
be together --
The Blob



You've got to
have backbone --
The Tinger

You've got
me in
between
the devil
and
the deep
blue
sea --
The
Creature
from the
Blue
Lagoon



ED PIN-UPS

A TEEN-AGE MONSTER---FAN



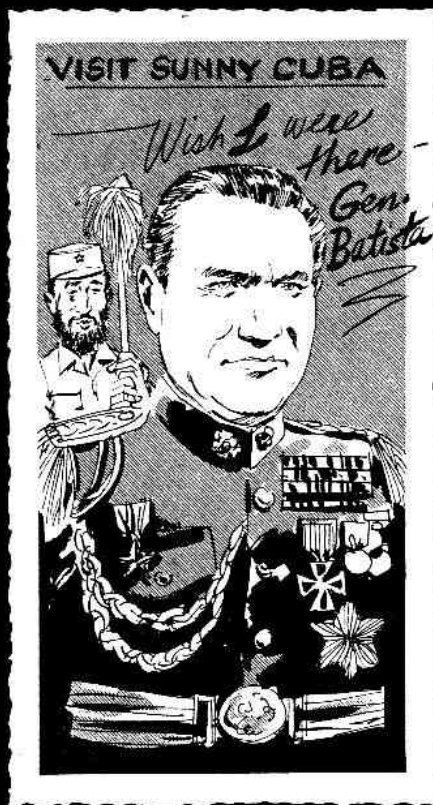
Don't let 'em make a
monkey out of you --
Mighty Joe Young



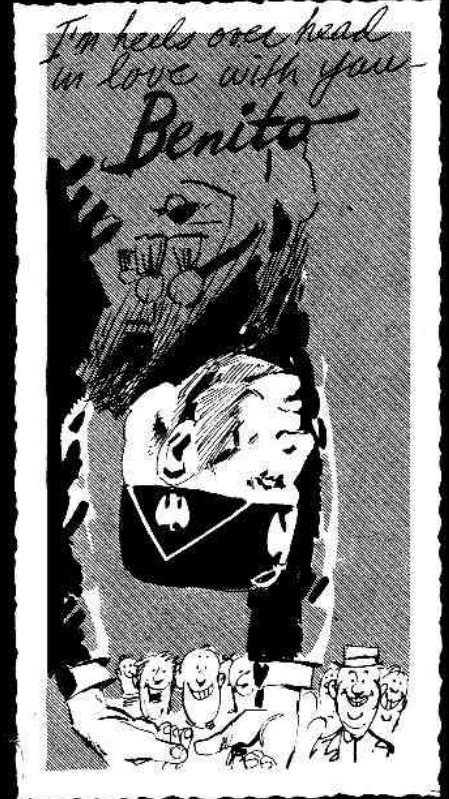
Keep cool now, hear!
The Abominable
Snowman

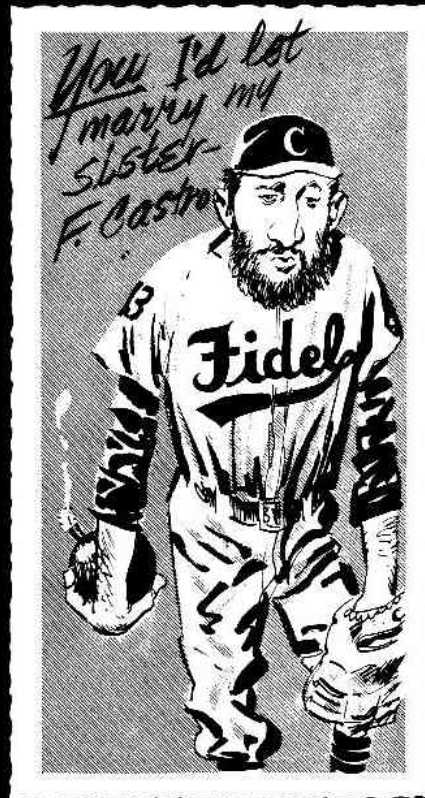
I'LL
SEE YOU
IN YOUR
DREAMS.
Franken-
stein



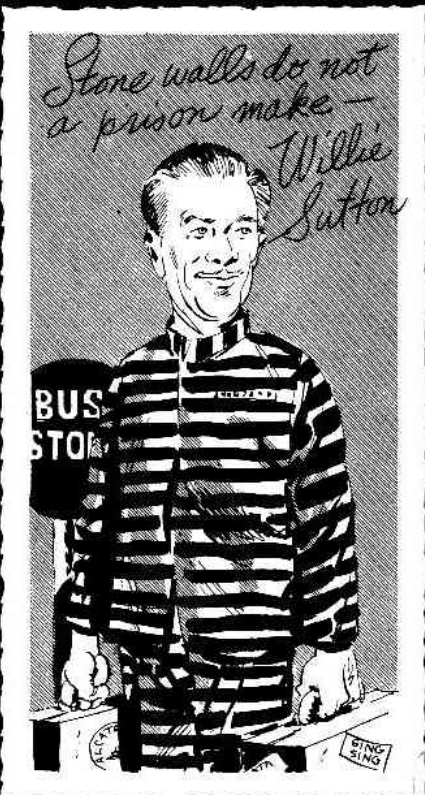


HANDY WALLET-SIZED AUTOGRAPHED PIN-UPS OF



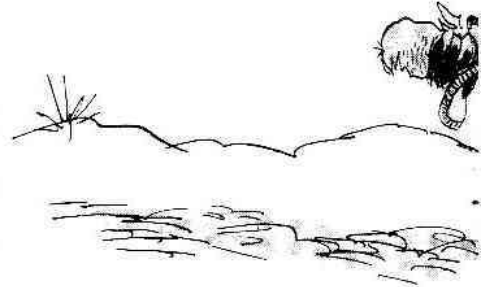


CUT-OUT AND CARRY IN-FAMOUS CELEBRITIES



ADVENTURES OF

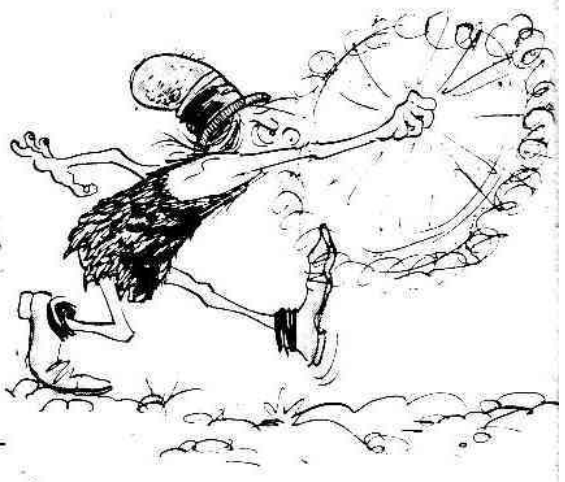
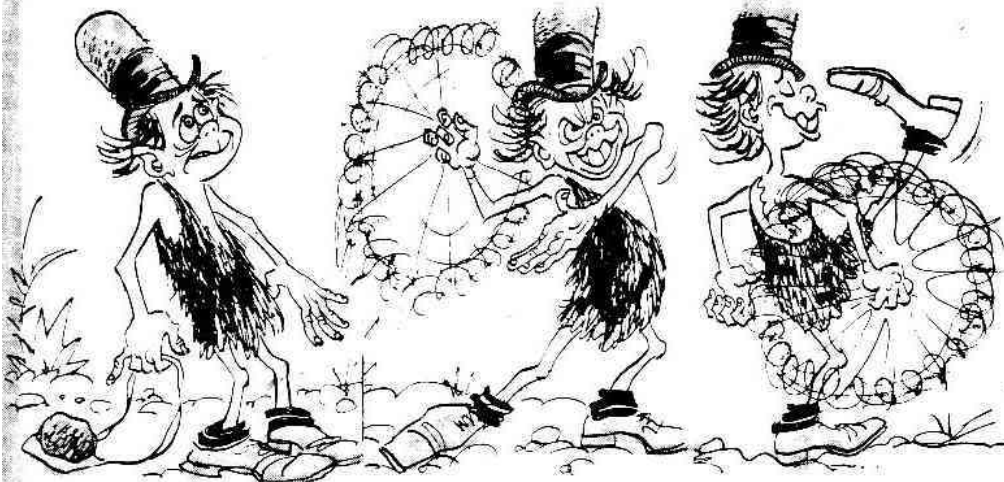
THE WATER HOLE



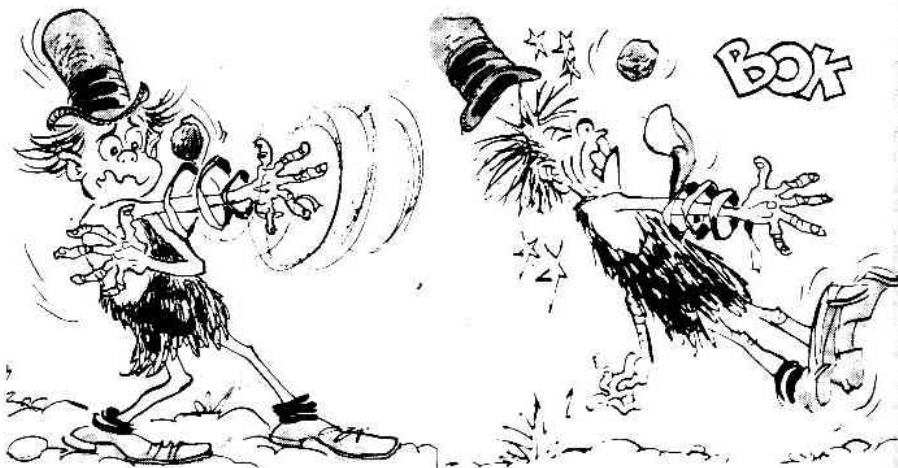
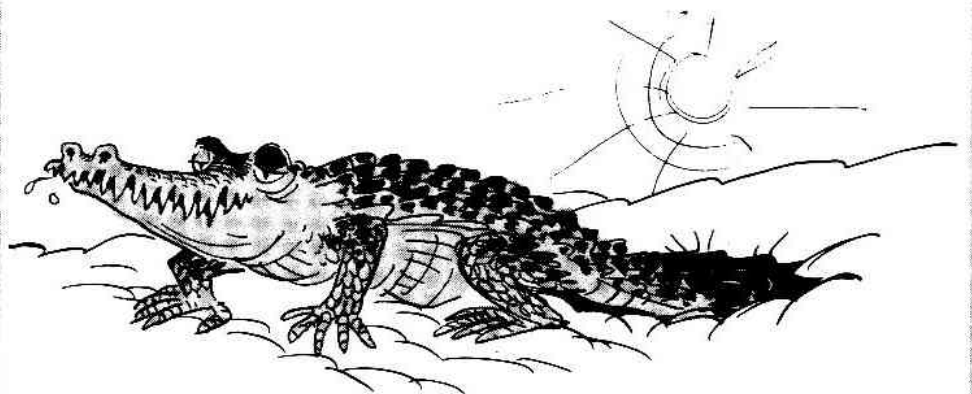
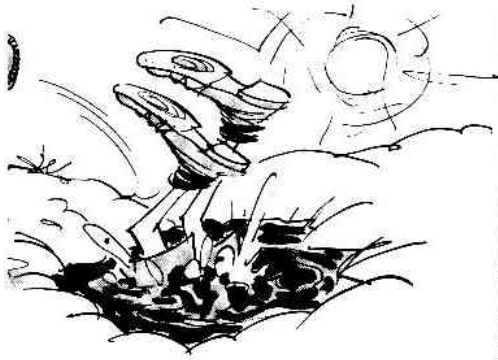
THE THORN



THE GIANT



HUCKLEBERRY FINK



EVER WONDER HOW DECISIONS ARE MADE WHEN AN AD AGENCY
HIRES A STAR TO DO A TV SPIEL? WE THINK THE "KLEANIX" HUCKSTERS
MUST HAVE CONSULTED HARRY JAMES IN THIS...

MAKING OF A TV COMMERCIAL

All right, Kronkite, let me get this straight, just to make sure I have it perfectly clear in my mind. You want to show Harry James on stage in a Las Vegas nightclub playing his trumpet with a Kleanix tissue stretched over the horn. Now, exactly what are we trying to prove?

The strength of our Kleanix tissue.

I see. How about Harry James on stage in a Las Vegas nightclub blowing his nose with a Kleanix?

It's not the same thing, J. B. — If not Harry James, how about Benny Goodman playing his clarinet or Charlie Barnett with his saxophone?

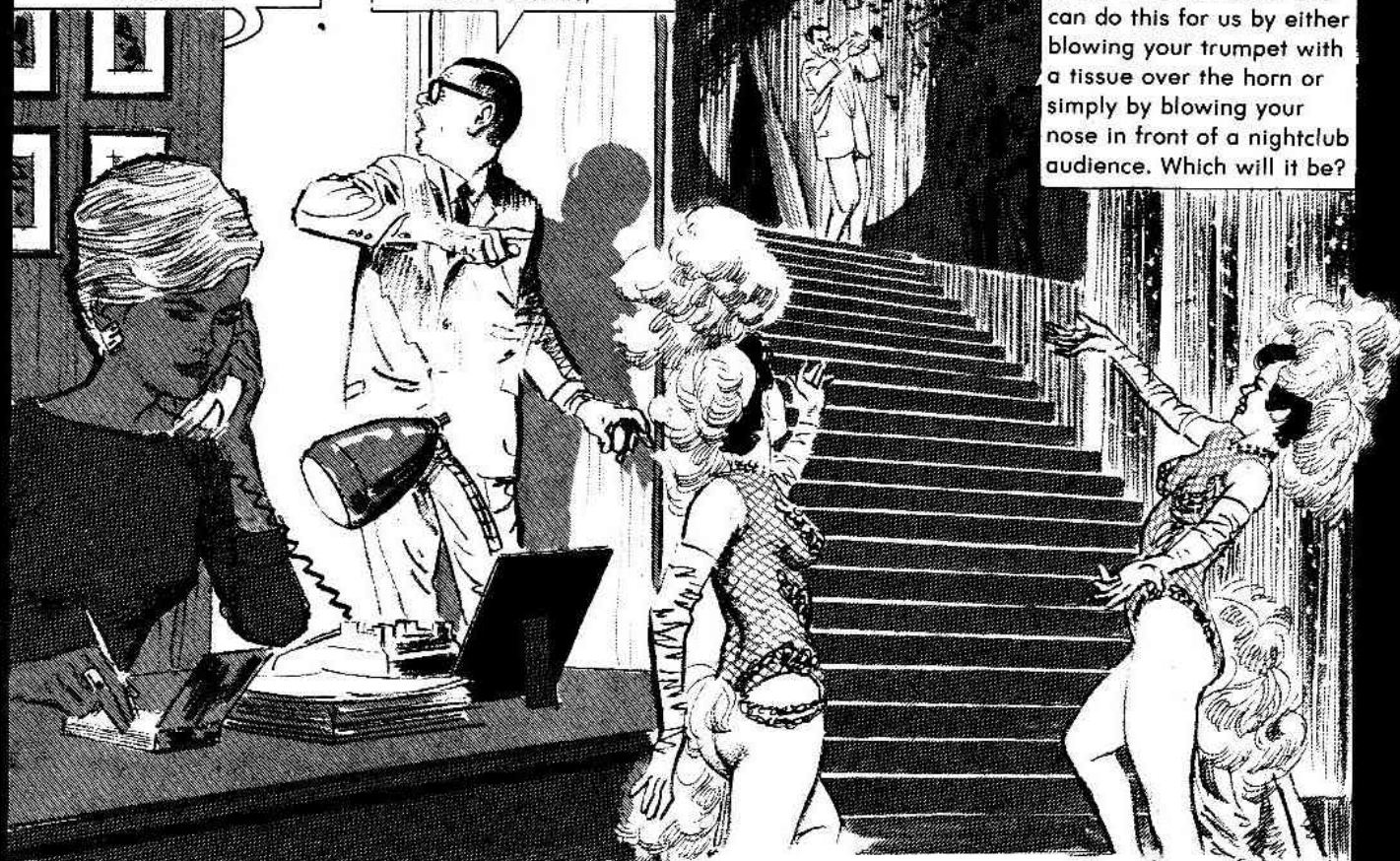
No, Kronkite, I think you're missing the point. It's not James or his trumpet I'm objecting to. It's the experiment. Why do it?

For the same reason that John Cameron Swayze straps a wristwatch to the propellers of an outboard motor.

I bought one of those
wristwatches and it broke.
I dropped it.

Let's leave the final
decision up to Harry.
He's outside,

Harry, we want to
demonstrate the strength
of our Kleanix tissue. You
can do this for us by either
blowing your trumpet with
a tissue over the horn or
simply by blowing your
nose in front of a nightclub
audience. Which will it be?



I'll put the tissue
over my trumpet

Why H. J.?

Everytime I blow my nose
with a Kleanix tissue, I
put a hole through it.

And that's why we say:
Buy Kleanix tissues—if
your trumpet has a cold.



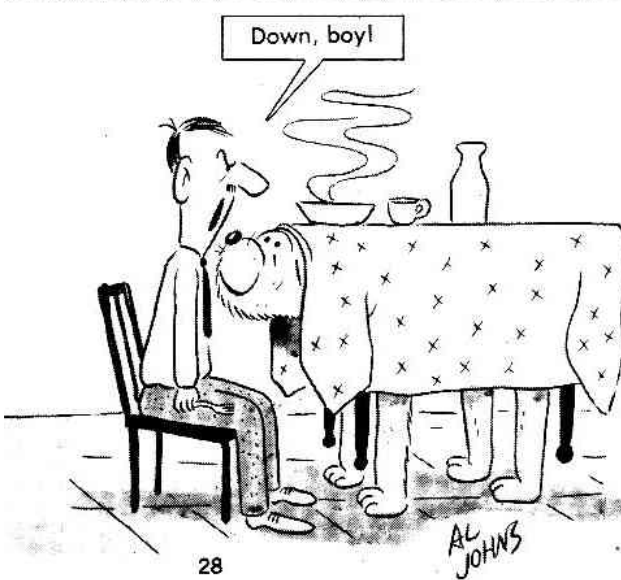
...HUNTING AND FISHING



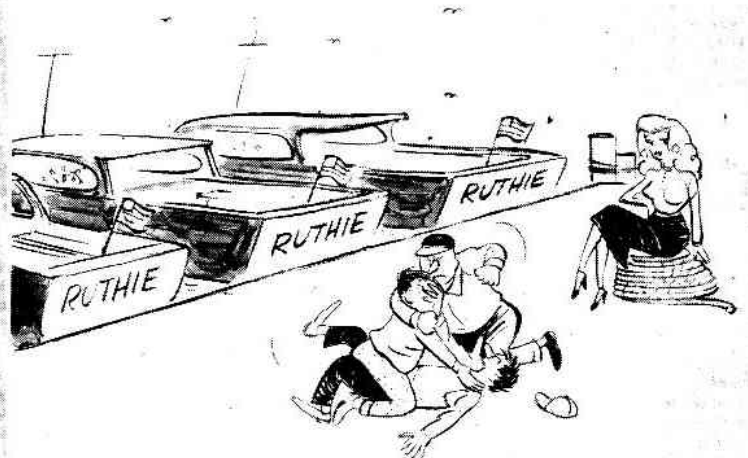
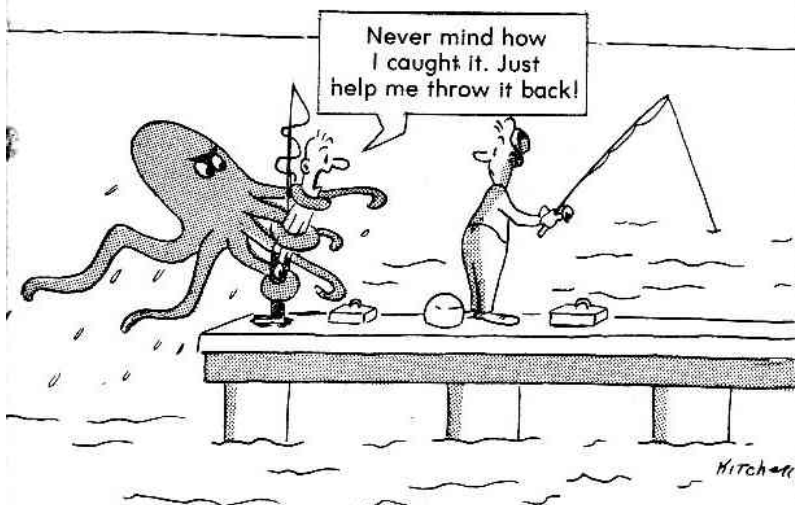
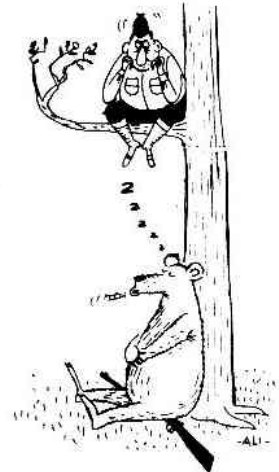
...TO SEA



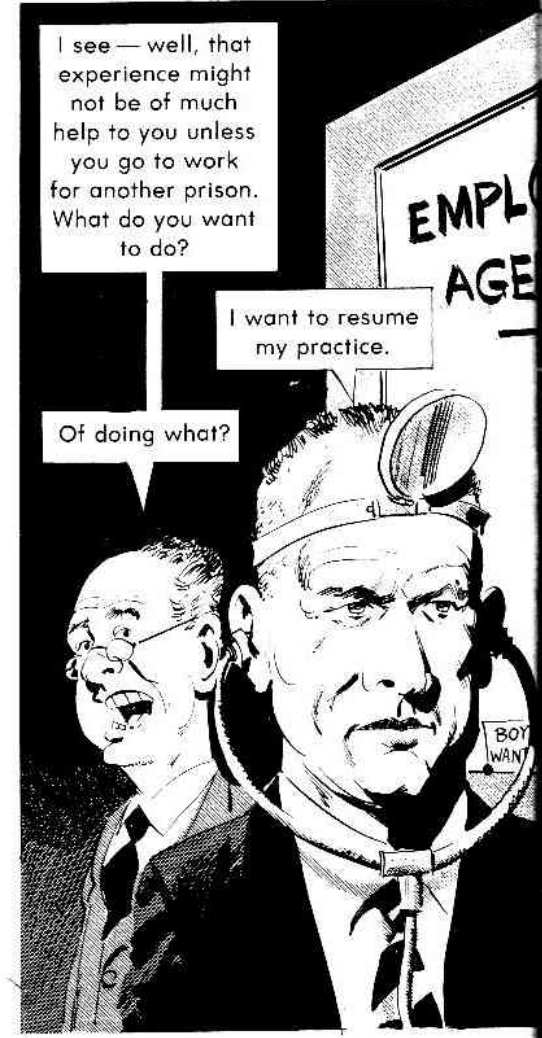
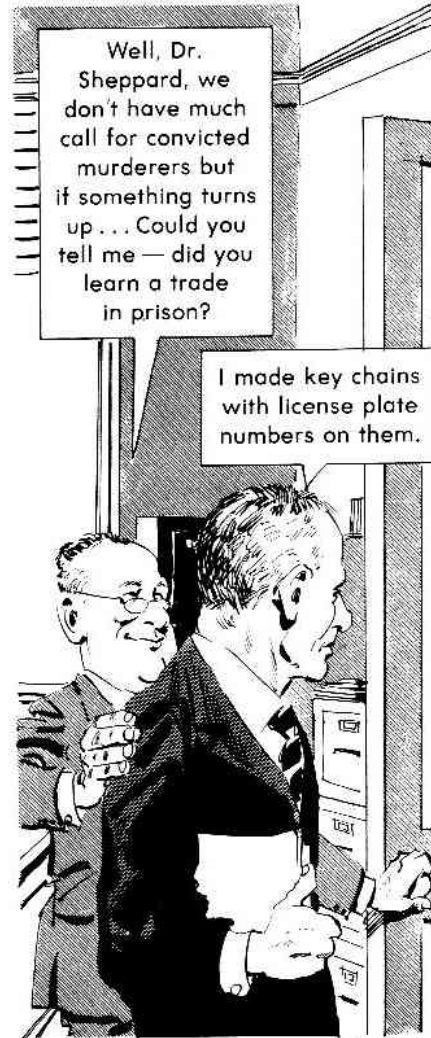
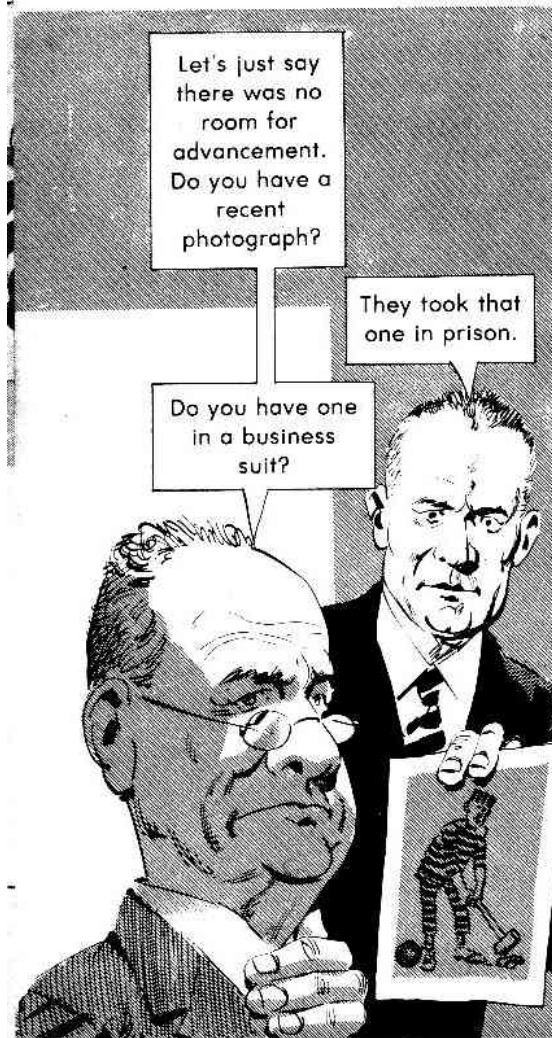
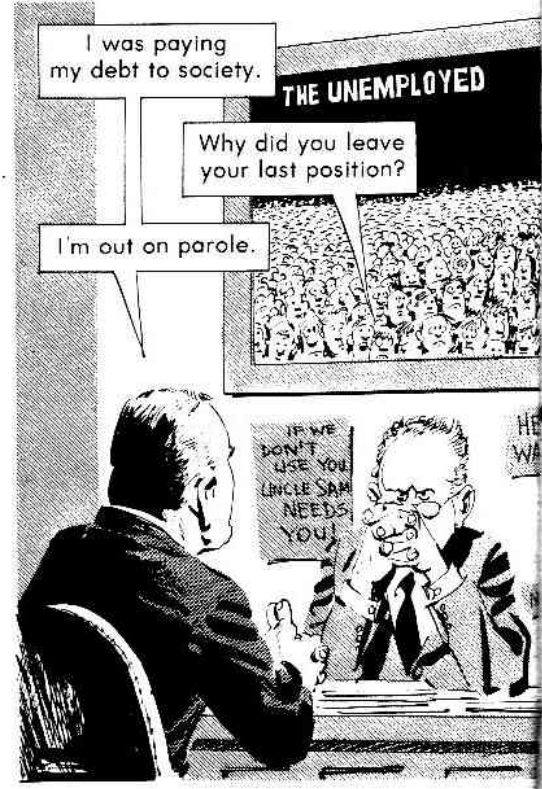
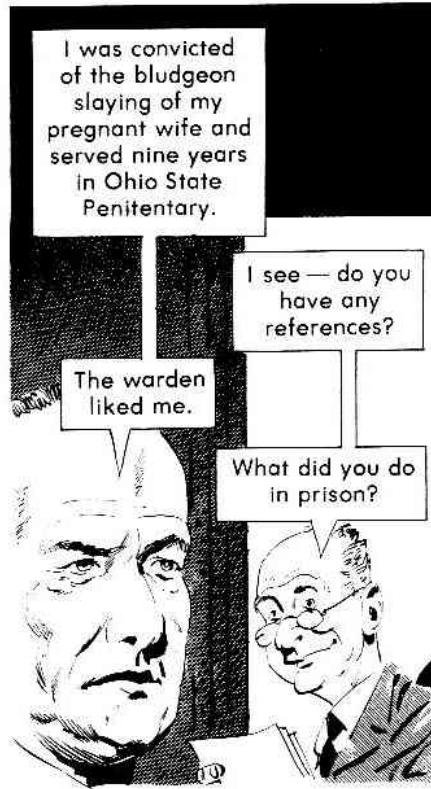
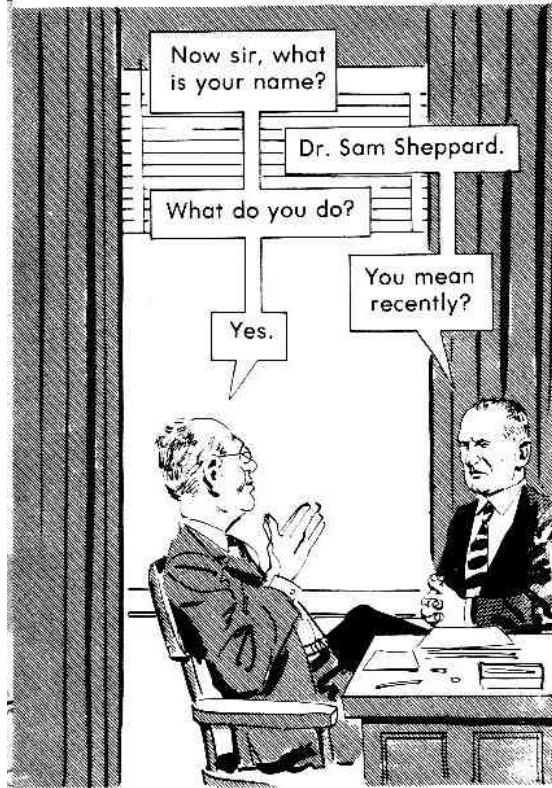
...TO THE DOGS

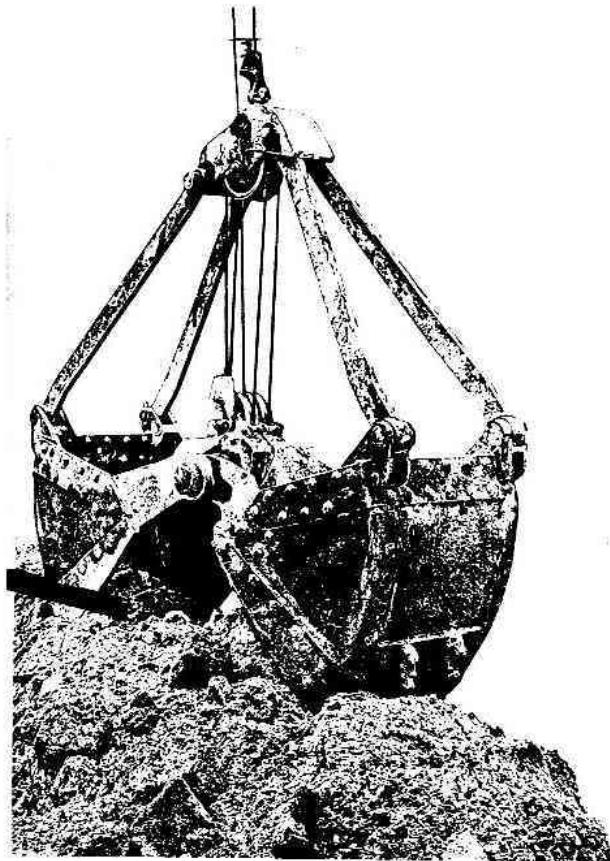


CARTOONISTS ARE GONE...



Employment Agency





EXTRA!!!

STALE NEWS

SCOOPS!

HOOD GIVES CONCERT

NEW YORK CITY—Held in strict custody by District Attorney Hank Frogan is a member of the New York City underworld who is singing on his former partners in crime. The pigeon

is at a top security hideaway known only to New York City police — Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge. Our reporter is there now for a very rare interview.

Pardon me, may I ask you a few questions?

Sure, but keep moving, you make a tougher target.

Is it true there is a price on your head?

Of course not, nobody's out to get me. Would you stand over here — in the direct line of fire?

48 ST.

Why are you always surrounded by policemen?

I've got a lot of friends on the police force. I used to be a bookie.

Did you know there have been 35 major arrests in the past four months?

Look, I'm not a stool pigeon. I can keep my mouth shut. I'm tight-lipped.

Can I ask you another question?

Sure, anything. Just don't rough me up.

Have you had any contact from the underworld?

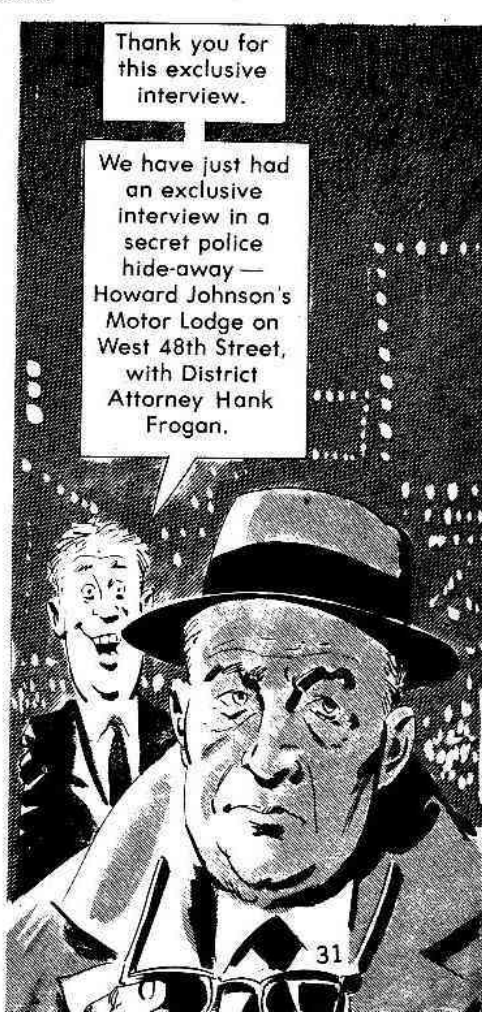
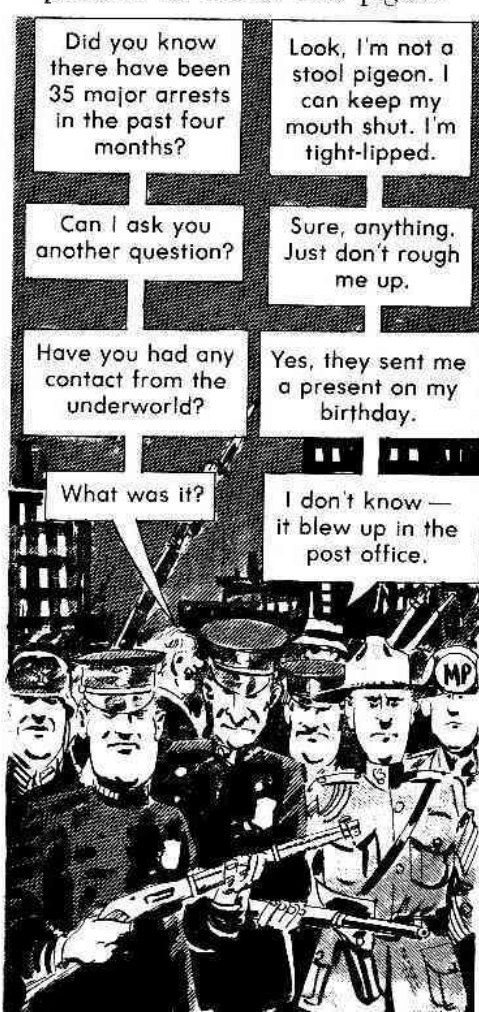
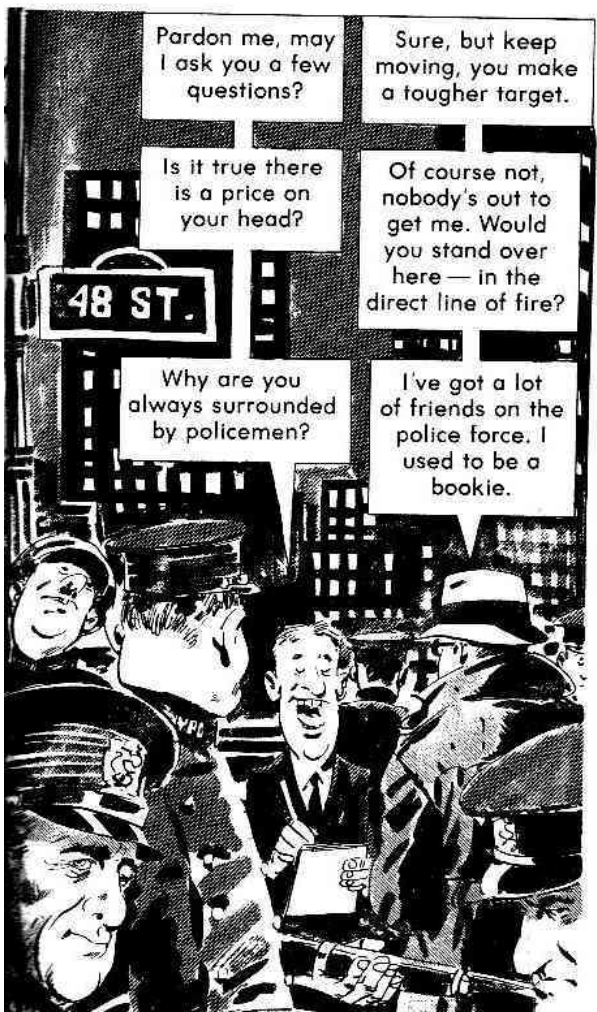
Yes, they sent me a present on my birthday.

What was it?

I don't know — it blew up in the post office.

Thank you for this exclusive interview.

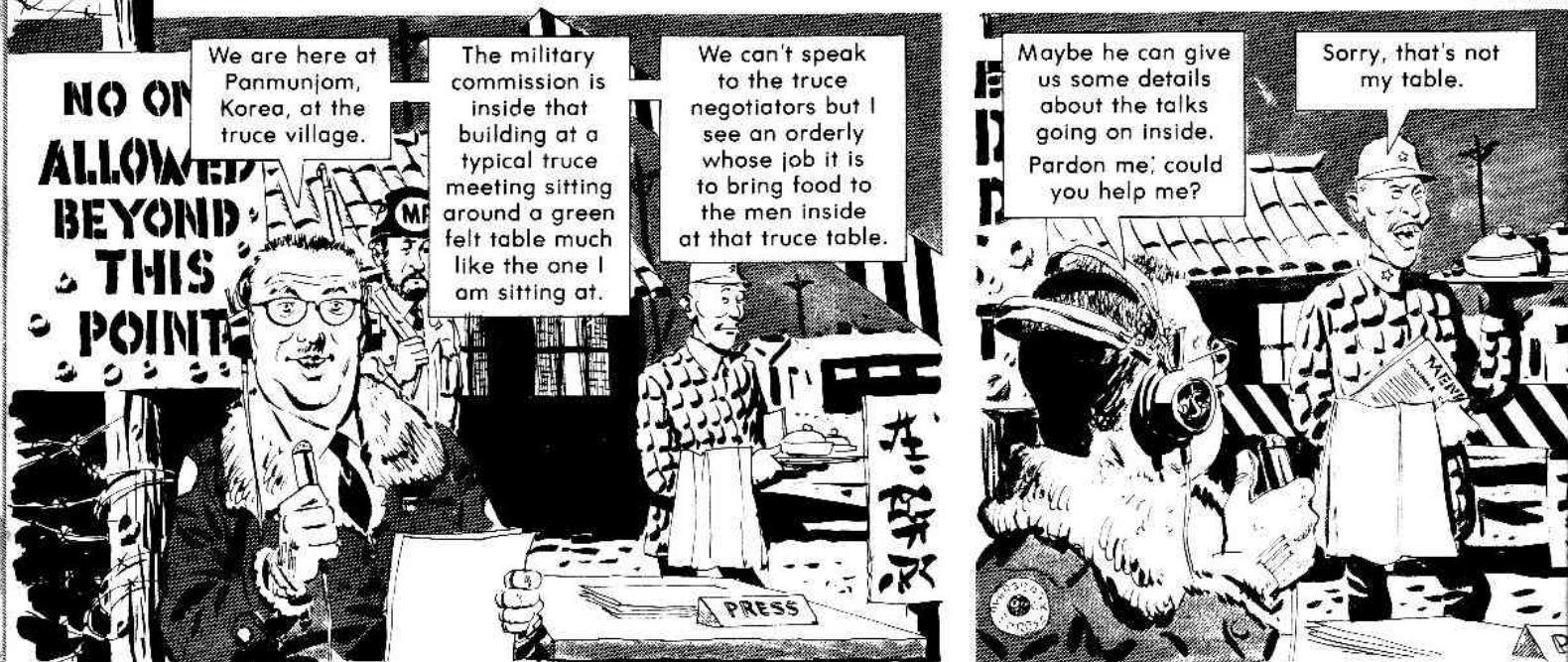
We have just had an exclusive interview in a secret police hide-away — Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge on West 48th Street, with District Attorney Hank Frogan.



KOREAN TREATY

KOREA — The longest military armistice agreement in recorded history enters its 12th year this month with evidence

that a peace treaty may never be made. In 1953 the UN signed a truce in Korea. Here's our reporter on the scene.



REDS DISCLOSE NUCLEAR UNDERWATER NAVY

MOSCOW — The Russian Navy has made claims in the world's press this month that they have 35 nuclear-powered

submarines operating on the high seas. Here is the Admiral of the Russian Navy addressing a crew of one of these subs:

Men! We have stated to the world press that we have 35 nuclear-powered submarines operating on the high seas. Unfortunately, that statement is slightly exaggerated. We only have one nuclear-powered sub — the one you will be on.

Therefore, we must let this one sub be seen in 35 different places at the same time. It's not going to be easy.

The first place you will surface is in Washington, D.C. in the White House pool. That should shake up those capitalists a little.

For you men who are going to be aboard this submarine there are a few things you should know. The sub is nuclear-powered but you still have to surface every six weeks. That's to hang out the wet laundry.

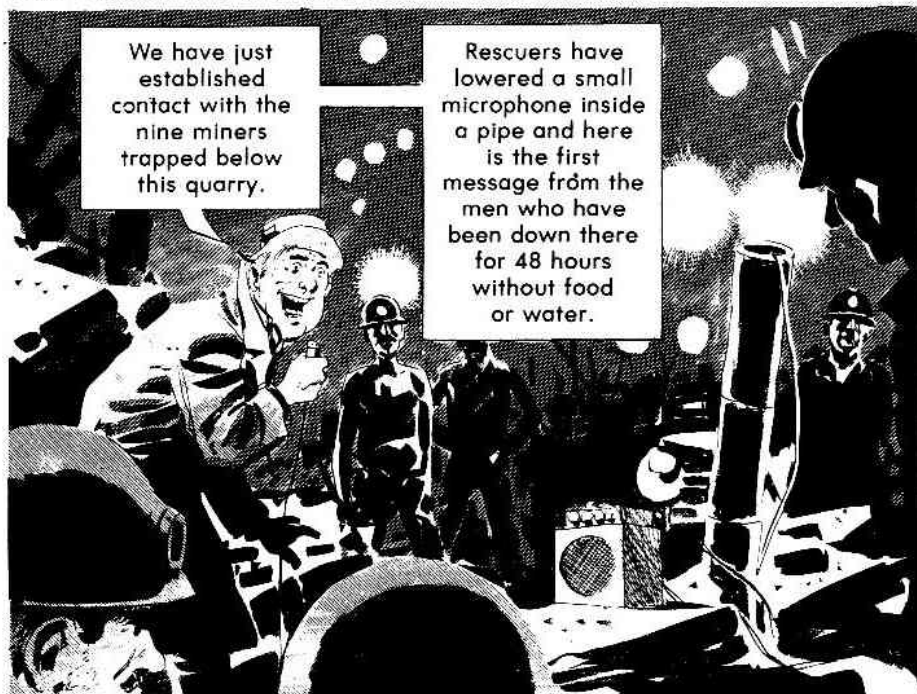
Everything on this submarine is nuclear powered, but you have to be careful — you can't fire a rocket while the toaster is on. And you have to remember to turn off the fans if you want to surface.



MINERS RESCUED

FRANCE — Nine miners trapped in a cave-in for 13 days, were rescued but the most dra-

matic moment came with the first words from the men in the mine shaft...



We have just established contact with the nine miners trapped below this quarry.

Rescuers have lowered a small microphone inside a pipe and here is the first message from the men who have been down there for 48 hours without food or water.

One corn beef on rye, two lettuce and tomato with mayo, one fried egg and five containers of coffee to go...



This sub is completely air-conditioned except for the sleeping quarters. Some of the men will have to sleep in the torpedo tubes. Therefore, the Captain must remember never to fire a torpedo at night. Inside the sub the same air is circulated over and over. This is accomplished by passing air through little charcoal granules. These are the same charcoal granules that are found in filter cigarettes.

This submarine can dive to a depth of 200 feet. Actually, it can dive much deeper than that, but it won't come back up. So unless you want to become a part of our permanent underwater fleet, keep it at 200 feet.

The full crew for this sub is 36 men. That's on the surface. Submerged you can only carry 30 men. Six volunteers have to float around each time the sub submerges until it comes back up. This submarine can move silently underwater, just turn the radio off. But don't under any circumstances turn off the propellers. If the propeller stops, someone has to swim out and start it again.

That's it, but above all stay in constant contact with the Russian Naval Command—by mail. Write me once a month from wherever you are—even if it's just a postcard.



PRESIDENT'S LOVE LETTERS

WASHINGTON, D.C. — A forthcoming book will reveal over 400 love letters written by President Warren Harding to his mistresses. Besides being

quite a letter writer, President Harding was also quite a talker on the telephone. Here's one of his typical conversations:



Hello, Miss Britton? You don't know me but I saw you on the stage of the Bijou Dance Palace last Wednesday night and I'd like to make your acquaintance.

Miss Britton speaking. Who is this, please?

I'm Warren Harding.

Oh? What do you do?

I govern the country you live in.

That sounds very important.

I was in the audience at the Dance Palace Wednesday night.

Oh, were you that distinguished gentleman who caught my garter?

Yes, and I would like to return it.

Well, Mr. President.

Call me Warren.

Well, President Warren, I don't make a practice of seeing gentlemen who I have not previously been formally introduced to. But in this case, I may make an exception.

Good. Could you drop by the White House tomorrow?

It's the big house on Cleveland Avenue with the big front lawn.

All right — where is it?

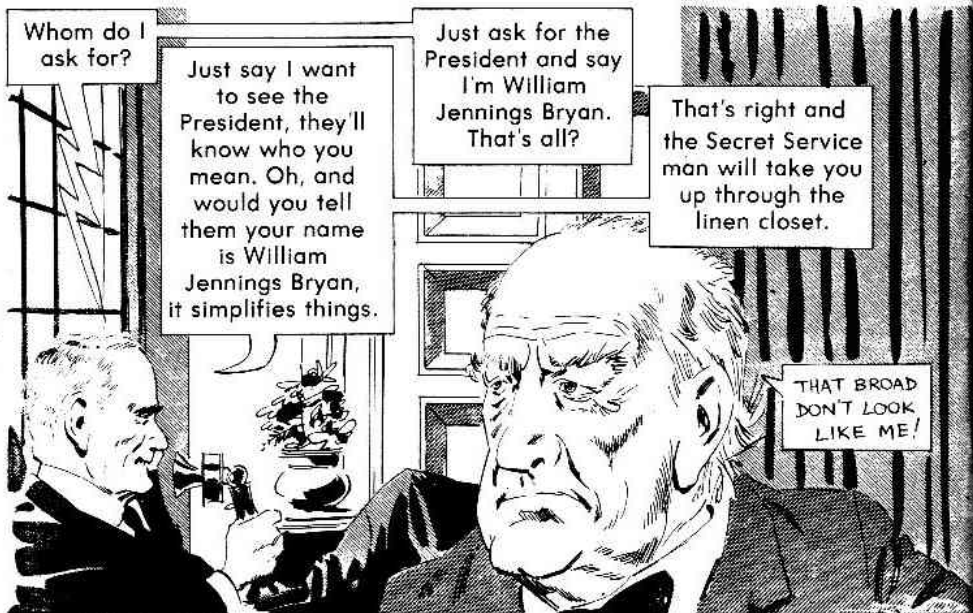
Whom do I ask for?

Just say I want to see the President, they'll know who you mean. Oh, and would you tell them your name is William Jennings Bryan, it simplifies things.

Just ask for the President and say I'm William Jennings Bryan. That's all?

That's right and the Secret Service man will take you up through the linen closet.

THAT BROAD DON'T LOOK LIKE ME!

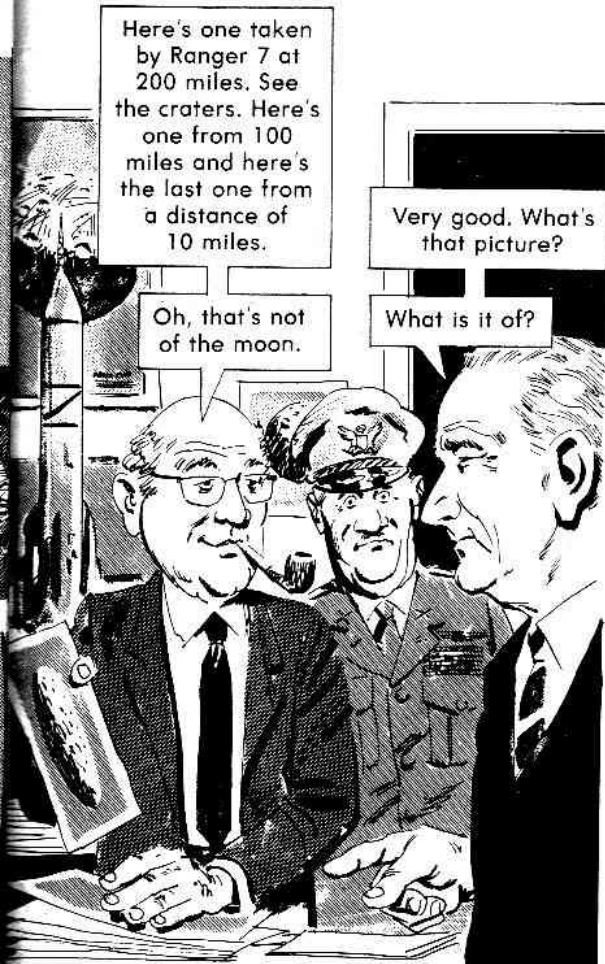


President Harding, can I ask you one question? Is there a Mrs. Harding?

My dear, there are many Mrs. Hardings.

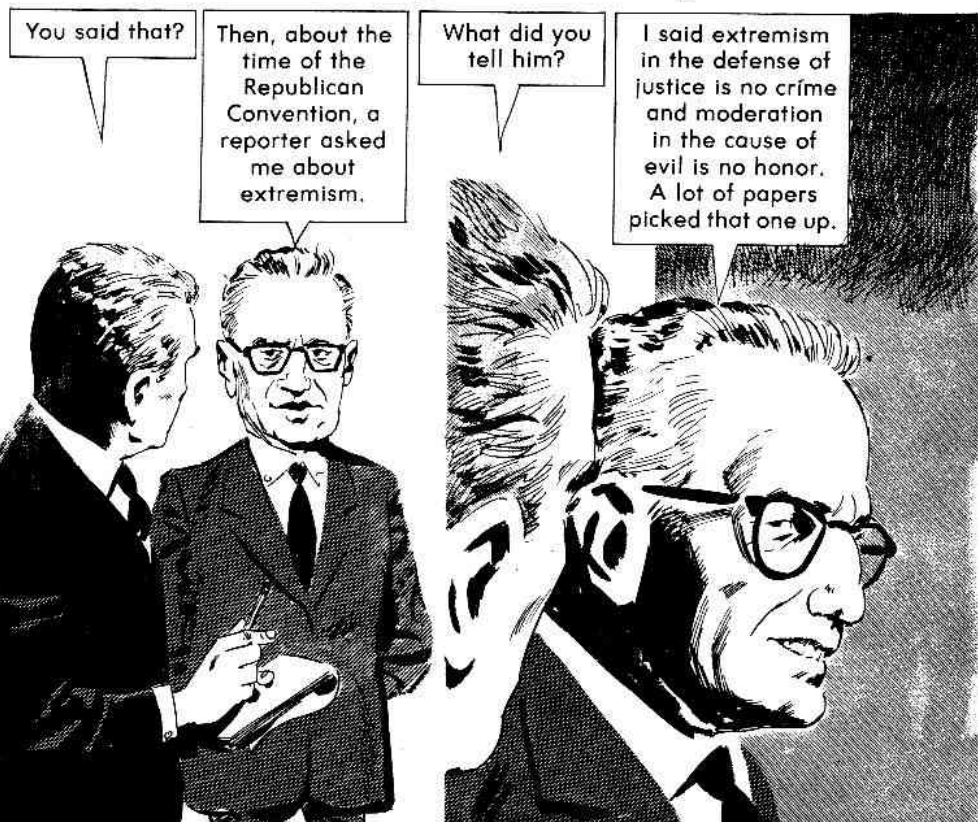
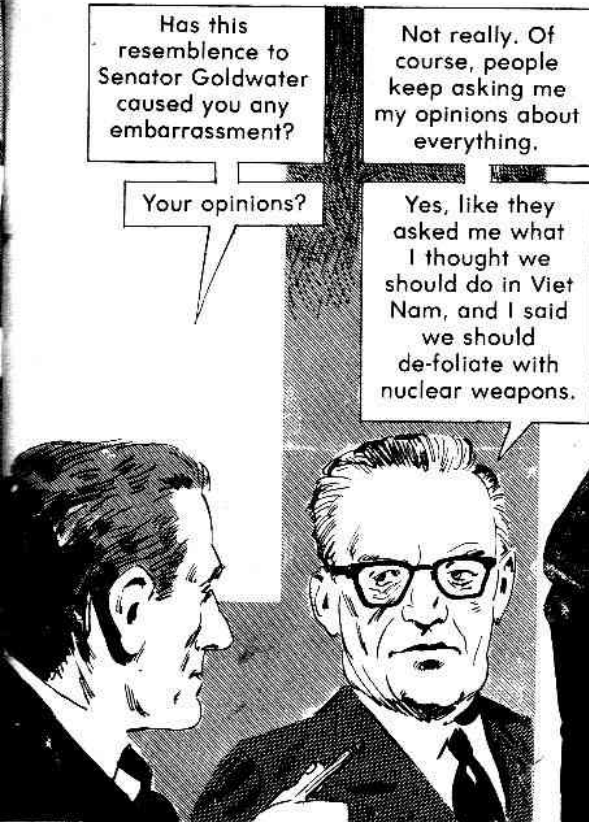
FINAL MOON PICTURES

WASHINGTON — Scientists showed the president the last of the 4,130 moon shot pictures taken from Ranger 7.



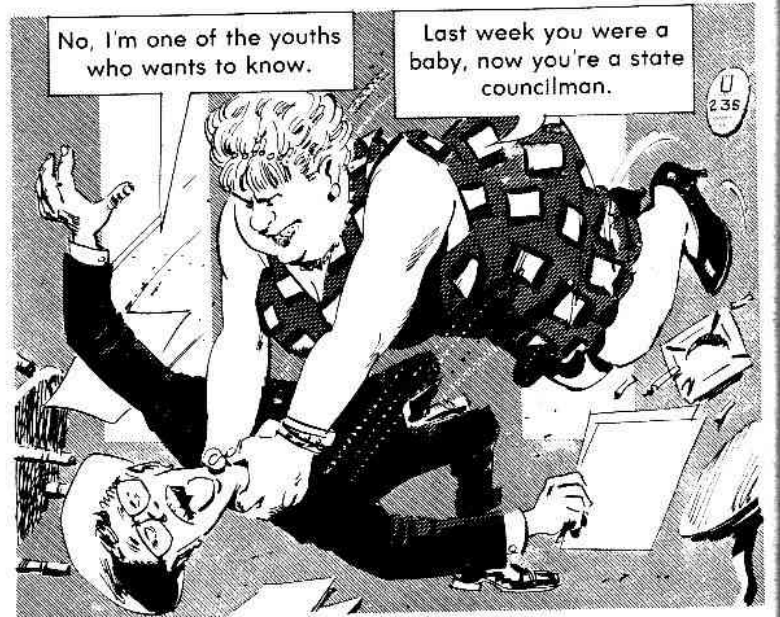
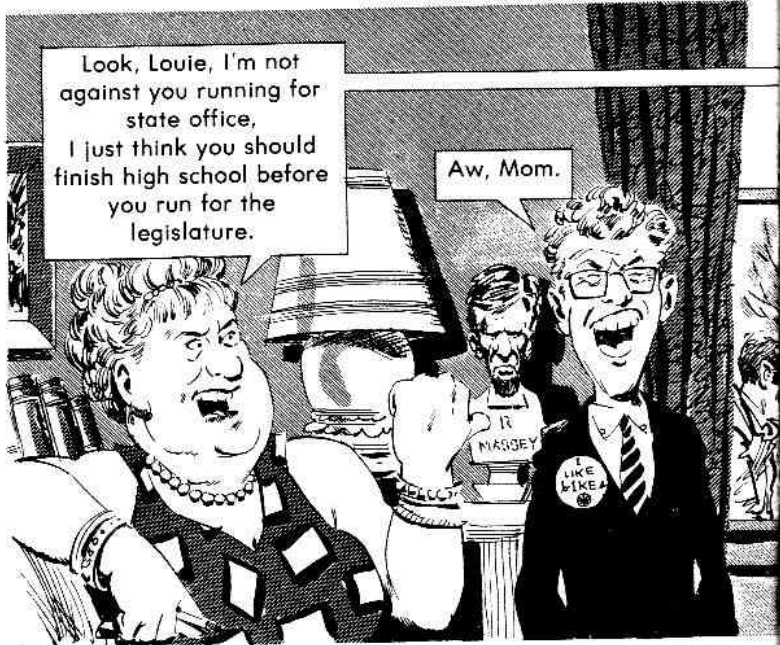
CELEBRATED QUOTES

WISCONSIN — A man here looks exactly like Republican Barry Goldwater. Our reporter is interviewing him now:



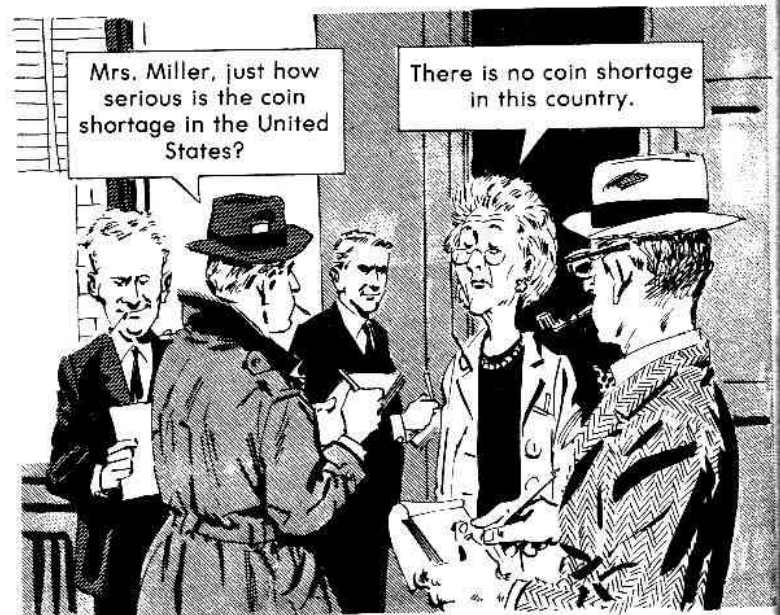
TEEN AGE REPORT

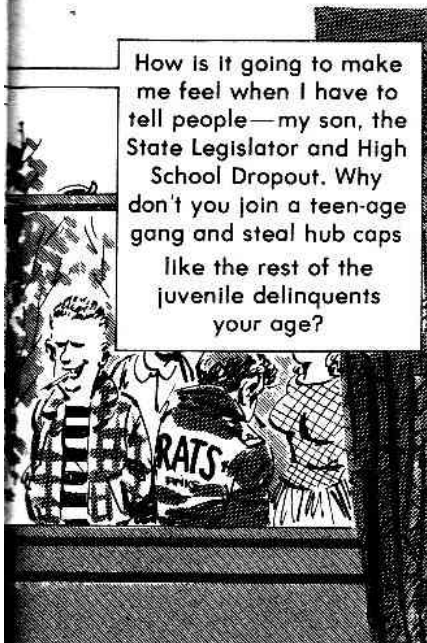
This year a teen-ager, Lewis Trout, filed an application to run for the Massachusetts State Legislature. We wonder how the parents of the teen-age politician feel about their offspring's new career?



MINT TESTS ITS METTLE

The U.S. Mint denied that there is a coin shortage in the country despite continued charges to the contrary. A press conference was called to set the record straight...





How is it going to make me feel when I have to tell people—my son, the State Legislator and High School Dropout. Why don't you join a teen-age gang and steal hub caps like the rest of the juvenile delinquents your age?



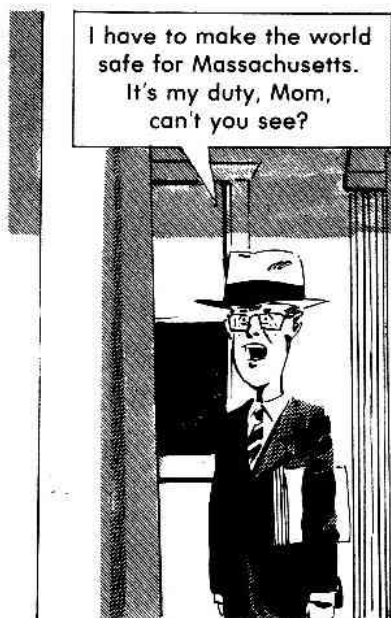
All the other kids my age are running for the State Legislature.

How old are you, Louie?



You know, Mom—I'm 16.

Not old enough to fight, but old enough to vote in the State Legislature. Why don't you go to college and throw away four years?



I have to make the world safe for Massachusetts. It's my duty, Mom, can't you see?



All right, I'll vote for you, Louie, but you must promise me one thing.



What, Mom?

Promise me you'll always remember to cross the street at the corner.



But I read a report that the mints are working overtime because of the lack of change.

That's just newspaper exaggeration. They created a crime wave in New York City and now they're trying to start a coin shortage.



Then, there is no shortage of change in the country?

None at all.



Thank you, Mrs. Miller. I have to call in my story. Do you have change for a dollar?

See me in about 8 to 10 months.

PROFESSOR HUCKLEBERRY FINK'S SICK SCHOOLROOM

By Dee Caruso

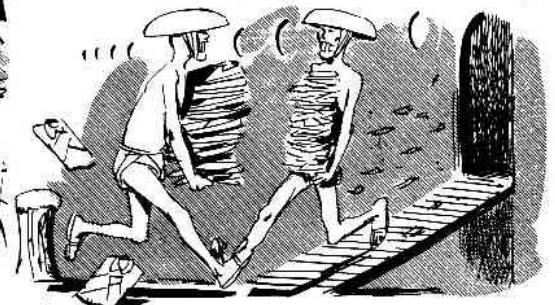
Our topic tonight is Red China. Did you know that one out of every four people in the world today is a Chinese Communist? Think of that the next time you see the Lennon Sisters.



In land area, China is a vast country. You can take the states of Mississippi, Alabama, North and South Carolina, and Texas and drop them all into Red China and you'd do everyone a favor.

No one knows for sure the population of Red China—there has never been an accurate census made of the Chinese because they all look alike. Except for my wife. The country is covered with forests. These forests would be ideal for national parks if there were any trees in them.

Despite the countless millions of people living there, China has not realized the great leap forward their leaders had predicted for it. In the past ten years in Red China, there has been pestilence, plague, drought and epidemics. All these things worked in their favor. But they still haven't risen in stature among the nations of the world.



China's chief imports are laundry tickets. Their chief exports are starched shirts.

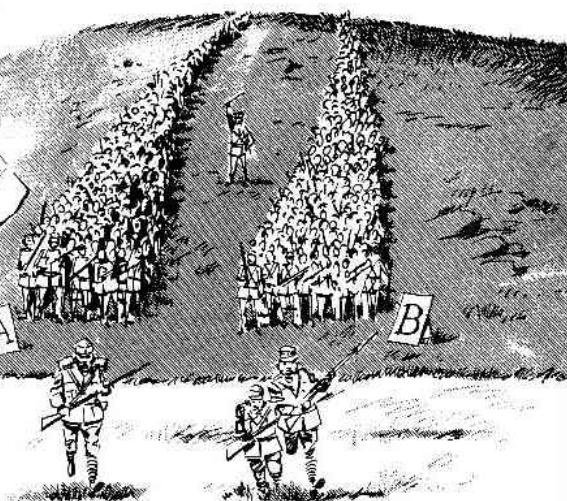
China's army is vast and expendable. There is no draft in the country. When a man reaches the age of 19 he's given a choice... he can either choose certain death or he can join the Red Army. Last year 90% of the young men chose certain death...they joined the Red Army.

During the Korean War, China demonstrated that she would use her vast army as cannon fodder if she had to. A Red General went to his commander and reported: "I'm stumped, sir, anyway I figure this attack, we have to lose 40,000 men." The Commander answered: "So what's the problem?"

They always attack the same way. They mass columns of troops on a country's border. When the Red Chinese attack, they choose one from Column A and two from Column B.



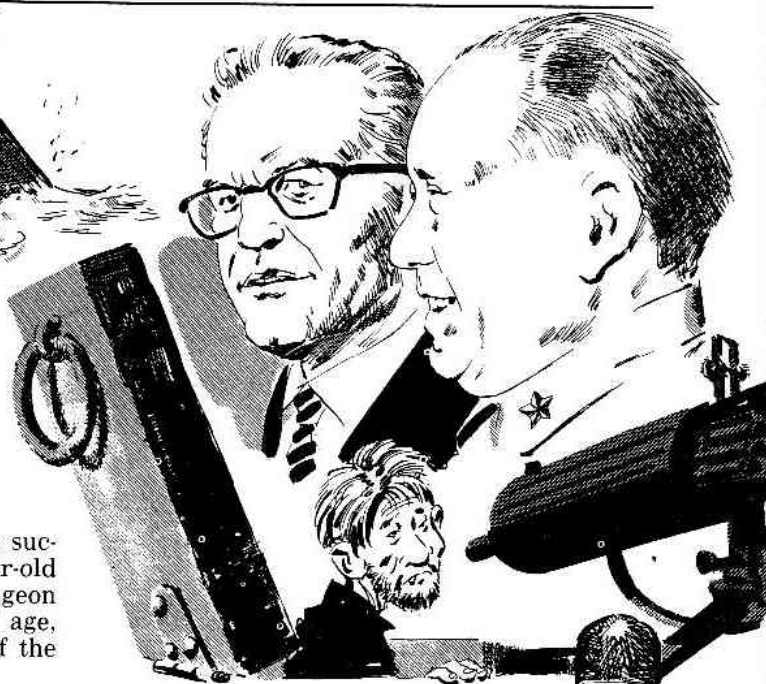
Red China's immediate foe is National China led by Chang Kai-Shek on the island of Formosa across the China sea. Chang thinks he can cross the China Sea and take back the mainland. He attempted an invasion last year and the Generalissimo almost drowned. He tried to walk across.



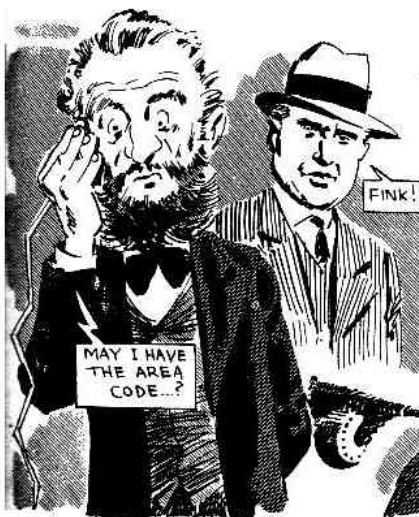
The leader of Red China is Mao Tse-tung. Time Magazine has called him a charlatan, Newsweek called him a master planner and the John Birch Society called him a Communist. Barry Goldwater called him an extremist, which is surprising since Mao voted for Goldwater — four times.



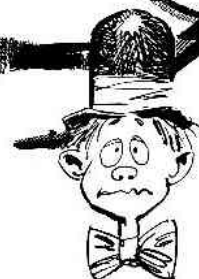
Mao has two idols — two great American inventors, Alexander Graham Bell and Al Capone. Bell invented the telephone and Capone invented the mouthpiece.



Mao has already picked his successor — a little four-year-old Chinese boy he keeps in a dungeon in Tibet. When the boy is of age, Mao is going to let him out of the dungeon and have him shot.



Mao was born in Peking, brought up in China and went to college at UCLA. He didn't like UCLA. He said there were too many Japanese kids there.



Mao has a simple philosophy of world affairs — he says: "The Red Chinese believe that the only road to lasting peace is total war."

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LIMIT TO THE INGENUITY OF THAT CLEVER GROUP THAT PUTS TOGETHER ODDS AND ENDS TO MAKE UP CUSTOM CARS, AND SO IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER THE NEXT STEP...

CUSTOMIZED CARS

by Bob Powell

*TO FIT THE
PERSONALITIES
OF THEIR OWNERS*

LYNDON B. JOHNSON **DIRTYBIRD**

Works best with the lights out and should be stripped completely before washing. Features hot line and strong button control. Comes in Red, White and Blue. Known to go very slow and make many pauses along the way for dramatic effect. Never does under 90MPH on Texas roads however. When it has a blowout it's usually a big one. Used to be very conservative-looking but now has strong liberal lines. Comes with small VP model in the back.



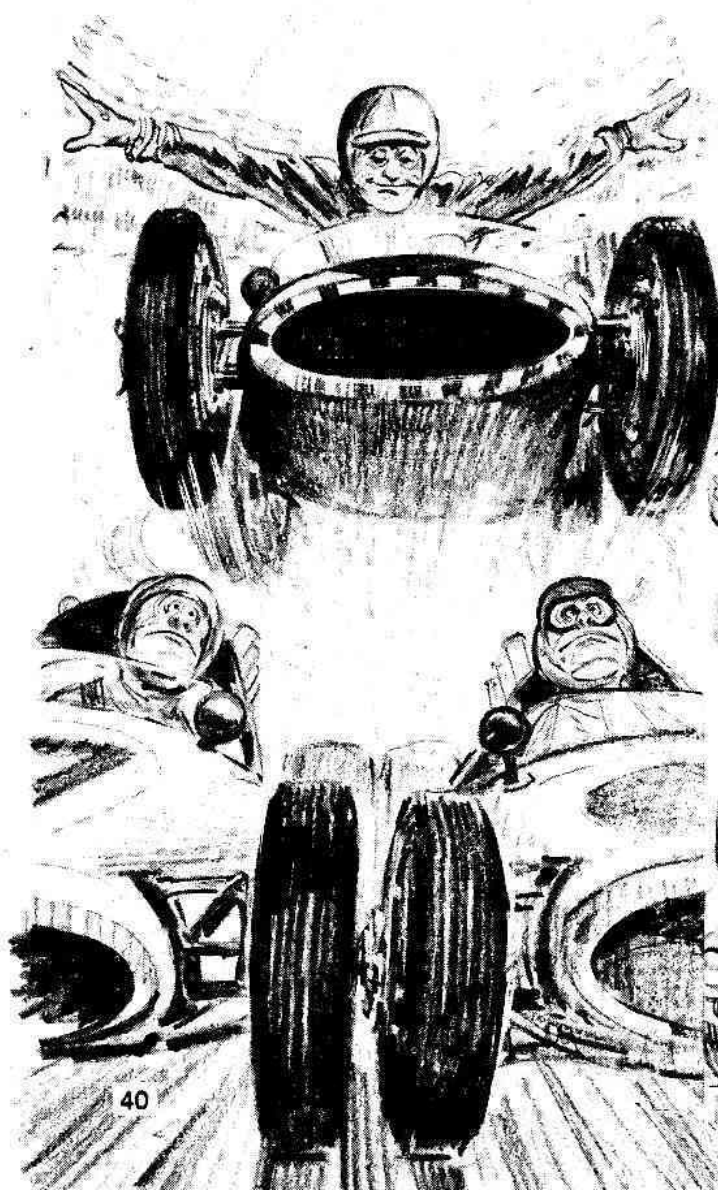
CHARLES DeGAULLE **MASTER**

A long and sleek model, when it comes down the road everybody usually gets out of its way. Features insignia all over body which makes it look very military-like. Once very popular, it was brought back to the assembly line by popular demand. This hopped-up model is not too safe to go everywhere — especially in hilly places like Algeria. Very hard to corner and even worse to put in reverse. Features bullet-proof windows, bomb-proof doors and 100-proof whiskies.



LUDWIG ERHARD **IL DEUTSCH**

A huge, bulbous body it comes with an equally big bumper. The main chassis is divided in two — the front half being Red, White and Blue while the rear half is all Red. A hot-headed model, it reaches the Berlin' point easily. One of its many accomplishments is that it can climb walls. Also, runs on boch-beer. Typical German workmanship — precise, very efficient and economical. Can park in any zone. Seen mostly in the West however, as its concept is obsolete in the East.





BARRY GOLDWATER EXTREMIST

Comes in all colors but Red. Drives only on right side of road as all the important steering is on the far right. Has the main machinery in back with arrangements for diversified button control. Set up so that you drive it from the hip. Equipped with rear view mirror only. Has four gears: first, second, third and extreme. Comes complete with ham radio setup. The '64 model is now available — 1864, that is.



GOV. SCRANTON GOP

Came onto the market too late to be a real winner. Runs well but not enough power or drive. A late starter, it is known to pick up speed toward the end of the journey. Thus, it must start earlier to get where it wants to. Gold and water never mix in its tanks. Delicate lines make it look fragile. Used to go with a matching Kennedy model. Is arranged so that others can push the buttons for the driver.



SEN. DIRKSEN COMPROMISE V8

A veteran white-topped model usually seen following the lead of other models. Starts off in middle of road, then shifts left, then right — or in any direction that suits it, quite easily. A thrifty and practical model, it is said to be the finest that money can buy. Is patterned after the old McKinley model. Doors open on left or right. Makes whirring, sometimes thrush-like noises in grandiose manner. — Led to the adoption of the once popular Goldwater model.



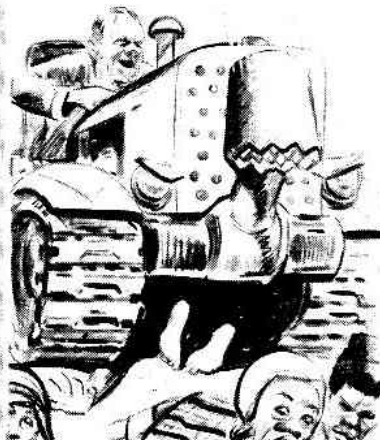
N.Y. MAYOR WAGNER MODERATE 12

This model is usually found squarely in the middle of the road. It is made so as not to go too fast or too slow. Has tendency to waver and sway in crucial moments. Most of the time however, it just settles down on the road and does nothing. Best to always leave the door open. Is usually a convertible. This model is head of a long line out of New York and is referred to as the "Party Model."



MAO-TSE TUNG NO PEKING

The only model on the market that rides sideways. They say an hour after you finish driving it you feel like getting behind the wheel again. Of late it is a strong departure in concept from the Kremlin model. Comes in a curious mixture of Red and Yellow, sits down on floor of garage when not in use. Runs on rice instead of oil. Has two columns that divide the body — marked Column A and Column B. A wash-and-wear model, it can be driven into Chinese laundries.



PRIME MINISTER VERWOERD APERTHEID 86

A big-seller south of the border, yet this model has few buyers outside of South Africa. A powerful bulldozer type, it manages to overpower everything in its path. Has plenty of room for backseat drivers. Horn plays "Bongo. Bongo. Bongo. I Don't Want To Leave The Congo." Comes in a white-on-white color. Built for speed, it's a sure riot for races.



LORD HOME PROFUMO '69

A very proper, highly dignified, ultra conservative number, it is manufactured on a lend-lease arrangement with the U.S.A. Formerly known by different names: The Churchill, The Eden, The MacMillan and The Danny Kaye. Doesn't run too well — always stuttering and missing. Easily overtaken by others. Motor sounds are short and clipped. Despite its stiff and proper appearance, it is said that when you start it up cold in the middle of the night it sounds just like a car from the Bronx.



FIDEL CASTRO CUBA SI

This revolutionary new model started out in the hill country and soon took the cities by storm. When motor is wound up it can go for six hours without stopping. Features upholstery made out of chicken feathers. A novel feature is hair growing out from under the hood. Now comes in bright Red. The previous Red, White and Blue model has been discontinued. Also, a sister model has left the fold.

MORE HOT-RODS FOR PUBLIC FIGURES

CASSIUS CLAY

MOHAMMUD ALI

Fast and powerful, this model has a real heavyweight body with a pretty, delicate front. With its big, roomy trunks it seems to scare all the others on the road. Makes a lot of noise when wound up, mostly just air. Has tendency to spout and run off at the mouth. Claiming to be the greatest, it won first contest over the Liston model by virtue of its speed and maneuverability. Made to travel a lot especially in rough regions like Egypt and Arabia.



Y. A. TITTLE

PRO '65

Despite its slightly thin top it boasts of an A-1 body. Its gears are in perfect condition. Boasting one of the greatest backs in the business, it is really on the ball at all times. Cutting corners beautifully, it is a real terror on the roads. Comes with uniformed body and crash helmet front-lights. Features pigskin upholstery and football bearings. Exceptionally good at passing.



MALCOLM X

MUSLIM N.G.

The Black Supreme Model, it runs on vitriol and is sparked by firewater. Comes in only one color and is never two-tone. On the road it usually separates itself from all the other-colored cars. Will not run on white snow despite chains. Comes complete with rifle sticking out of front window.



GEORGE A. WALLACE

'BAMA 400

An all-white model known to generate a lot of trouble. Makes a good deal of noise, sounds off every 1000 miles, does a lot of stalling and usually runs out of gas in the stretch. Uses hot air and blows its own horn. Its best constituents are located under the hoods. Features white-wall tires only. When pressed, the horn plays "I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas." Distinguished-looking, this model is usually found parked in front of school buildings.



BETTE DAVIS

BABY JANE

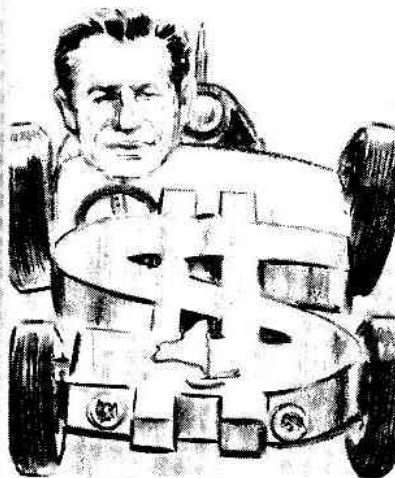
Once a young, racy model it now is a symbol of grace and dignity. Performance is said to be better than ever despite the fact they said it was all washed-up. Although the body is slightly dilapidated most of the lines are good. Still tough however, on directorial signals. Comes in matching HIS and HERS models, with production ratios set at four HIS to one HERS. Features Oscar Statuette as window wiper. Front headlights look like two big bright eyes.



GOV. NELSON ROCKEFELLER

HAPPY NO. 2

A luxury model, the inside includes swimming pool, tennis court and divorce court. Known to have the biggest foundation in the business. Runs better in up-state regions than in the city. Uses its own oil. Gears are slightly left of center. A flamb. Designed to travel cross-country, it has been modified for local use. A costly model but easily financed through the Chase Manhattan Bank.

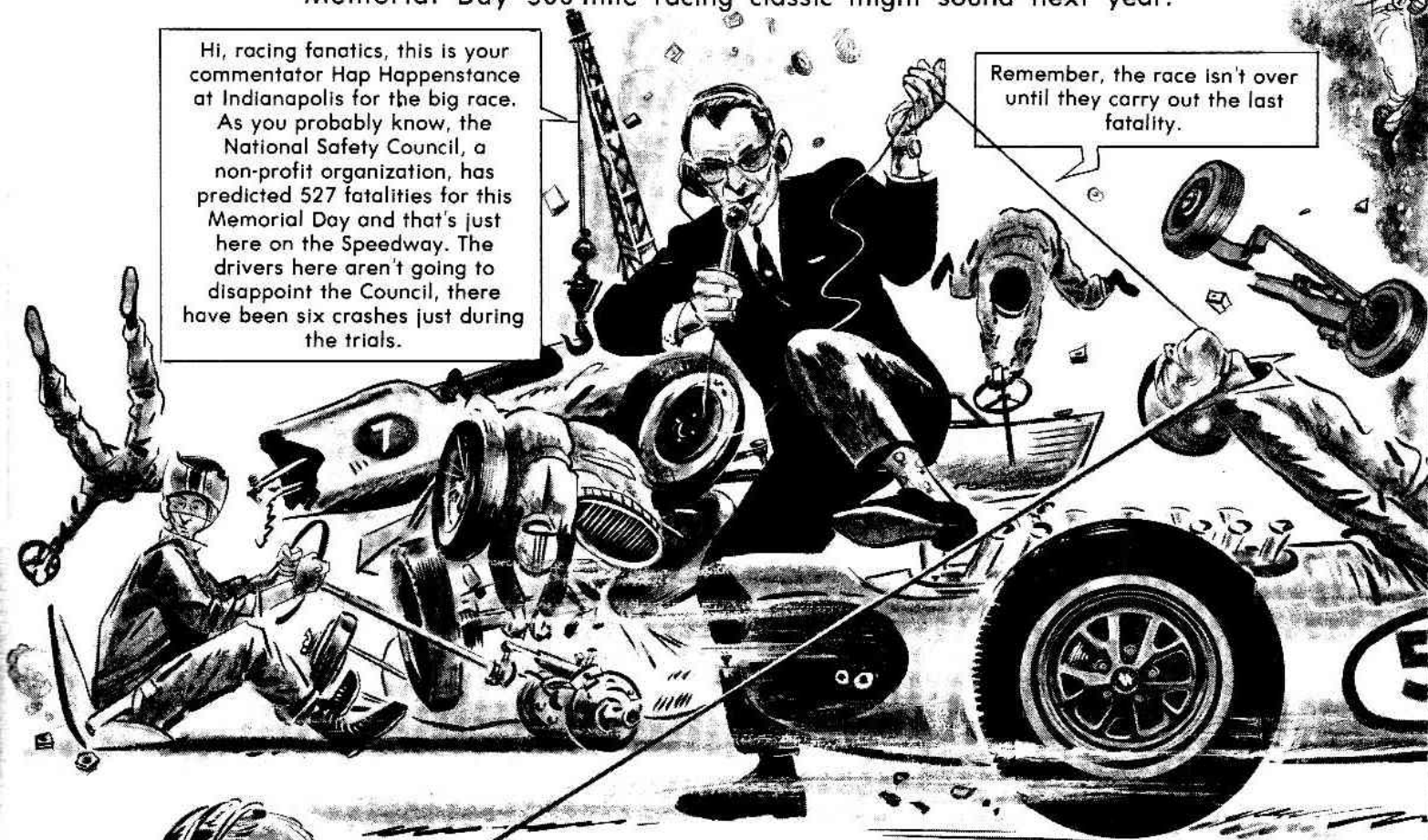


SLAUGHTER On The Speedways

The way things have been going, this is how the Indianapolis Memorial Day 500-mile racing classic might sound next year.

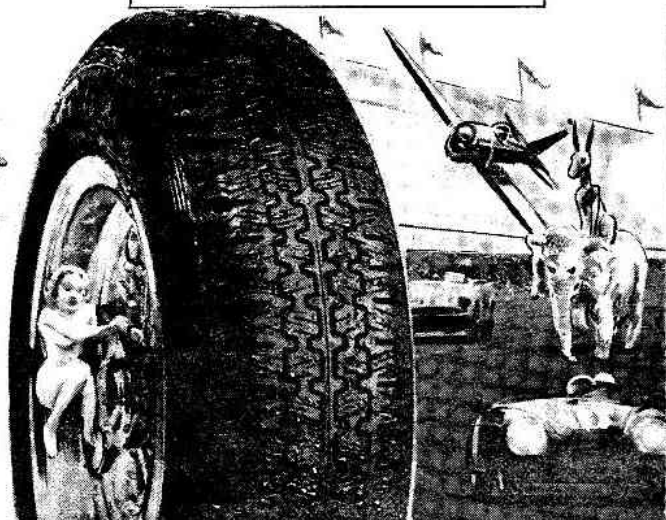
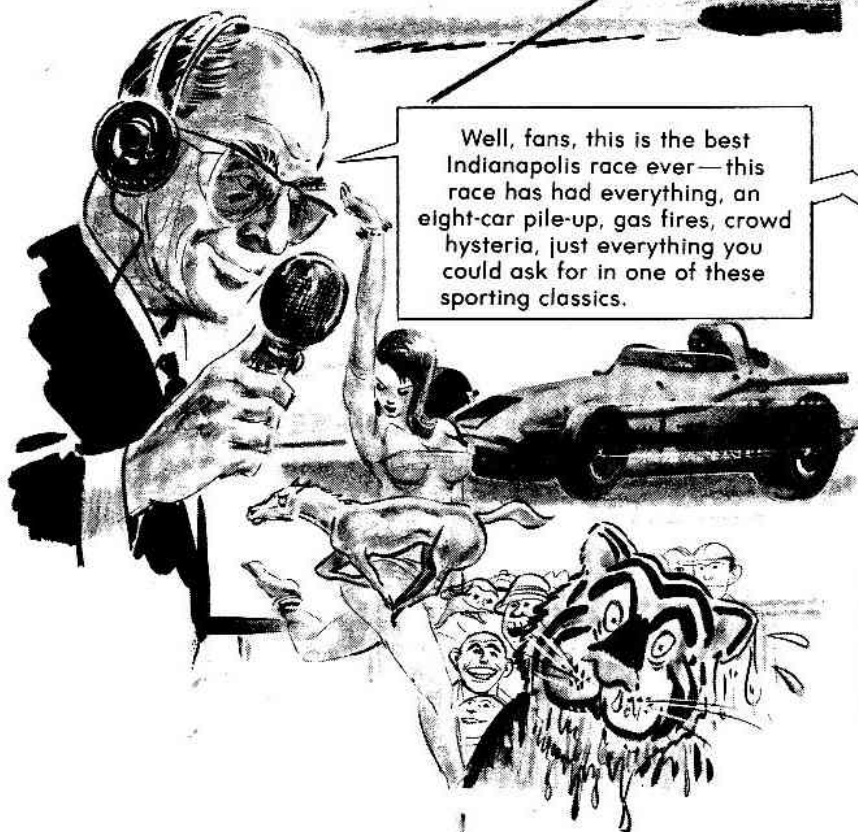
Hi, racing fanatics, this is your commentator Hap Happenstance at Indianapolis for the big race. As you probably know, the National Safety Council, a non-profit organization, has predicted 527 fatalities for this Memorial Day and that's just here on the Speedway. The drivers here aren't going to disappoint the Council, there have been six crashes just during the trials.

Remember, the race isn't over until they carry out the last fatality.



Well, fans, this is the best Indianapolis race ever—this race has had everything, an eight-car pile-up, gas fires, crowd hysteria, just everything you could ask for in one of these sporting classics.

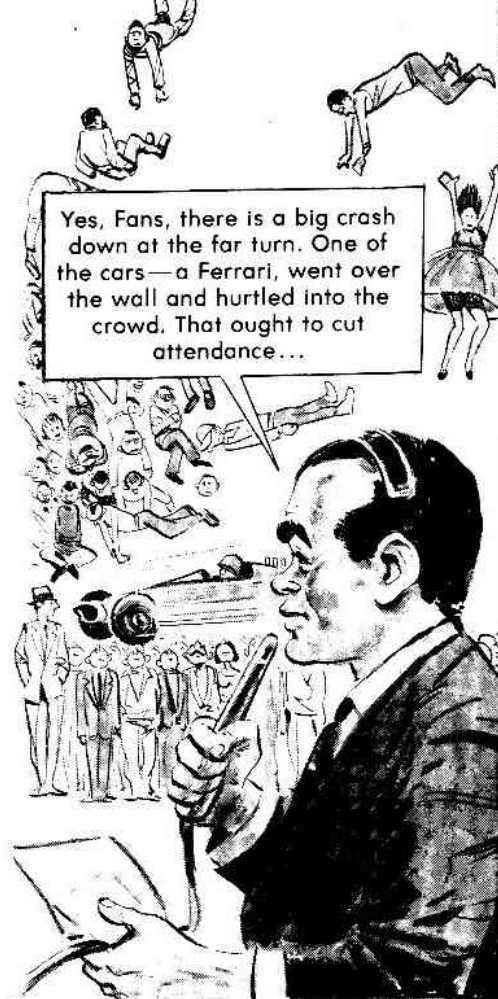
Leading the 500-mile classic right now is a Porsche driven by King Donovan who, in turn, is driven by a strong death wish





We'll interview King at his next pit stop—Hold it! I think there is a pile-up over at the far turn—

Let's go to Sander Van Ocur at the far turn...



Yes, Fans, there is a big crash down at the far turn. One of the cars—a Ferrari, went over the wall and hurtled into the crowd. That ought to cut attendance...

The lead car in this crash is driven by Bennie Bolton. His car is in flames, but now miraculously, Bennie is walking away from the crash—right into the retaining wall. Now, here is one of the crash victims, bleeding and bruised. Tell me, what car were you driving?

A 1962 Plymouth.

Wonderful. Now, back to Hap at the pit stop.

Thanks, Sander, I have King Donovan with me. King, you are averaging 175 mph, what is it like out there?

It's a fast track.

I noticed you are going 195 on the straightway and slowing down to 35 miles per hour on turns. Is that your plan to finish first?

I just want to finish.

Tell me, King, how do you like the new Cobra cars with the engine in the back?

I like it very much.

Why?

More trunk space.

Thank you, King Donovan. I know you're anxious to get back to that slaughter out there, but before you go back onto the track, I think I ought to tell you that you're on fire. Look at King roll over on the pavement fans...



Our next guest is Tom Hawkins, who does the wonderful post-race show. Tom, who was to be your guest on your post-race show?

Well, Hap, I was going to have Harry Post, but he was part of that 16-car crash.

I missed that. There's been so much happening today.

You can still see the smoke. The Governor has declared it a disaster area.



Since Harry can't be on your show, who will be your new guest?

Harry's widow—Nora Post.

Nice thought, Tom. And here is the owner of the Indianapolis Speedway, Hennie Indianapolis. Hennie, there have been 27 crashes and 30 fatalities so far... will you comment on today's race?



Well, Hap, the race is going pretty much according to plan. You know, Hap, this year we have closed-circuit TV into psychiatric wards across the country so that the sadist shut-ins who can't come to the track, will still be able to enjoy the crashes.

Nice thought, Hennie. Tell me, are you planning any improvements at Indianapolis?



I'm glad you asked. We are planning to install several new safety precautions at the Speedway.

And what form will these new safety precautions take, Hennie?

Better lighting in the rest rooms.

That will save a lot of accidents. Thanks for speaking with us, Hennie.



Fans, we have to go back to the studio, but before we do, I'd like to remind you that you don't have to come out to the Indianapolis Speedway on Memorial Day to see this wholesale slaughter of cars and men. Just go out on any one of our nation's highways any Sunday afternoon. And when you do, ask yourself this question: "Why drive carefully?"

Look at it this way—The life you save—could be a no-good bum.



LEFTOVER ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

During the past campaign, one of the candidates missed no opportunity to demonstrate his horsemanship. It was a wild sight seeing him galloping a spirited steed, silver mounted saddle and gaudy trappings onto an Indian reservation to deliver a speech.

"As I rode up over the horizon yonder," he bellowed, "I saw squaws washing clothes by the riverside, pummeling them on rocks even as your ancestors did. I intend to see an electric washing machine installed in every teepee."

The Indians broke into loud cries of "Groovah, groovah!"

The candidate beamed and continued, "And I see that your roads are nothing but mudholes. Well, I shall see that new concrete roads are built."

"Again the Indians shouted, 'Groovah, groovah!'"

The candidate broke into his broadest grin and soared to a climax. "If elected I intend to see that your noble Chief drives a limousine as big as mine and a new car is parked in front of every wigwam."

He bowed, while the Indians roared out their mightiest "Groovah" and the Chief stepped forward to present a war bonnet to the jubilant horseman. As the candidate prepared to dismount, the Chief suddenly cried out, "Be careful, sir. Don't step in the groovah."

A Banker had a secret love and you know how tough it is to keep a secret...

Peter Lorre, late film actor recently exhumed by a Satanic Cult in Oklahoma, said he will resume picture making in two months. Lorre wants to go to Palm Springs for a rest and to get the color back into his cheeks. He told reporters that death agreed with him.

Guy in desert walks miles and miles across the barren wasteland until he comes to a sign that reads: "Don't litter."

W Sick Sick Sick World

THE APE WOMAN

The sick movie of this year is *THE APE WOMAN*. This is the story of a woman who is covered from head to foot with long, brown hair. Her boyfriend, a greedy young punk, puts her in a show and cleans up. That is, cleans up everything but the Ape Woman. She's her dirty, hairy self all through the movie.

The hairy one goes ape over her trainer-boyfriend, and he finally has to marry her to keep her from running away with an ape, a former NASA missile test pilot, with wires taped all over his body.

Who would want an ape woman for a wife? Nobody in his right mind, unless it's an ape man, or a greedy young punk. So the trainer (as we said, played by a greedy young punk) hustles her off to Paris (you knew this was a foreign movie) and hustles her an act in a nightclub as a stripper. She's billed as "The Hairy Angel."

The freak has never been so happy. But can happiness last? That's the question. You can tell, because there's the a question mark at the end of the sentence.

Next the Ape Woman is preg-



The Ape Woman sent us her family album. She's proud of her family just like everyone else. Here's her baby picture.

nant. The greedy little punk says philosophically: "Maybe the baby will be a monster too. Then we can use it in the act." I told you he was a greedy little punk. I wonder why he didn't accuse the Ape Woman of running around?

You would think that with all this—the wedding, the baby, the show a big success, beautiful eyelashes—that all this would make a happy picture. But the Ape Woman dies in childbirth. The greedy fat (he's been eating well, the show is sold out) punk puts the body on display.

What a plot. It's hard to tell the people from the beast in this one. We'd like to rap that greedy young punk in the mouth.

Next to the Ape Woman, our favorite pin-up is Jo Bob Gorment. She's sick from eating too much, but she's not as sick as the man she sat on. Jo Bob, 56-56-56, who weighs 750 pounds (*we changed Jo Bob's name and added a few hundred pounds to her weight so she can't sue SICK if she doesn't like this story*) and lives in Sarghum, Texas, if that's possible.

During a party at Jo Bob's house, a male friend jumped through a glass picture window. Don't think he was just drunk. He had his reasons. He bet he could jump through the window without breaking the glass. He lost. The glass broke on both sides.

Now fat folks are usually happy.

but breaking that window gave Jo Bob a pain. She managed to get her fat fingers around the telephone, and using a pencil to dial, called the police.

Then she sat on the friend, who weighed 105 pounds, until the police arrived. Fat chance he'd be able to get away.

The courts made him pay for the broken window. Moral: Stoned people shouldn't throw themselves through glass houses.

We all have our troubles. I've already told you about the Ape Woman. Dogs aren't much better off, but in a way they are. They can't read this and they have hospitals better equipped than most

more on next page

By Jim Atkins

An Embassy Pictures release



Growing up was fun. The Ape Woman says she always wanted to be a peeler. Here she practices peeling a banana.



But life was not all a bowl of sliced bananas. Into each life some rain must fall. During the monsoons of 1964 more than rain fell into the Ape Woman's life. Her brother fell down. He slipped on a banana peel.



Here's the Ape Woman's engagement picture. A girl must protect her skin from the sun. She uses banana oil on her skin.



This is the wedding. They'd make a lovely couple, if it weren't for both of them. You can spot the groom (he's the greasy young punk.) He's the one who doesn't need a shave.



The Ape Woman said this is her favorite portrait. When she sent us this one, she said please don't try to be sharp and use that old gag: "I get more shaves from beep-beep, than from any other blade." So we won't use it.



Here they have their first fight. Into every life some rain must fall. Into the couple's first home a lot of rain fell. The roof leaked. The Ape Woman got mad and told the greasy young drip he was getting into her hair.



The final message from the Ape Woman to us was: "A final message... please don't end the captions to my family album with that old joke—hair today, gone tomorrow." We couldn't figure any way to use that old joke, so we didn't.

we send a lot of sick people to. Dogs need them. They catch all of the diseases humans have. Doesn't that make you sick? Jo Bob writes she never felt better, and is going on a diet to lose 200 pounds.

Back to the real dogs, some veterinary hospitals have blood banks and 24-hour emergency service. Others can check dogs for diabetes and analyze spinal fluids. As a result of this and a lot more stuff, the life expectancy of dogs has been doubled in the past 20 years. That's twice as much as it was 20 years ago.

Perhaps if the ape woman had been taken to a vet, she would be alive today.

Teenagers in Britain, questioned during a survey to find out why they smoked, said they did it to stunt their growth so they could be jockeys. Too bad Jo Bob didn't think of that.

The newest organization is: *The United Nonjoiners For the Use of Creative Kinetic Energy to Resist the System.*

Some people are sicker than others. Otherwise there would be no average amount of sickness for us and we'd all be sick the same amount. But, I'm talking about sick people. The sort of people who would use *sort*, instead of *kind*, when talking about types of people. Yes, the sort of people who would

steal the Ape Woman's shampoo, or who would laugh at her when she slipped on a banana peel she was trying to eat. Or who wouldn't give a drowning man a glass of water if he were starving to death.

A Brooklyn mailman was shot by a sniper in New York. He went to the nearby office of a doctor and asked for help. The doctor told the sniper victim he was an expert in diagnosis, and didn't have the instruments needed to treat a bullet wound. He sent him to another doctor a couple of miles away.

Now I know why the Ape Woman died. She was sick.

In a secret laboratory in New Jersey, scientists are experimenting with various species of wasps to see which one will kill gypsy moths and houseflies. So far these scientists have tested thousands of hornets and yellow jackets and have imported 40,000 wasps that they hope will eradicate houseflies.

All of this is wonderful, but we have one question: After we get rid of the gypsy moths and houseflies, what the hell are we going to do with all those wasps?

There's a new rifle club in Arizona composed of men who share a mutual interest in firearms. The club calls itself—the Storm Troopers—

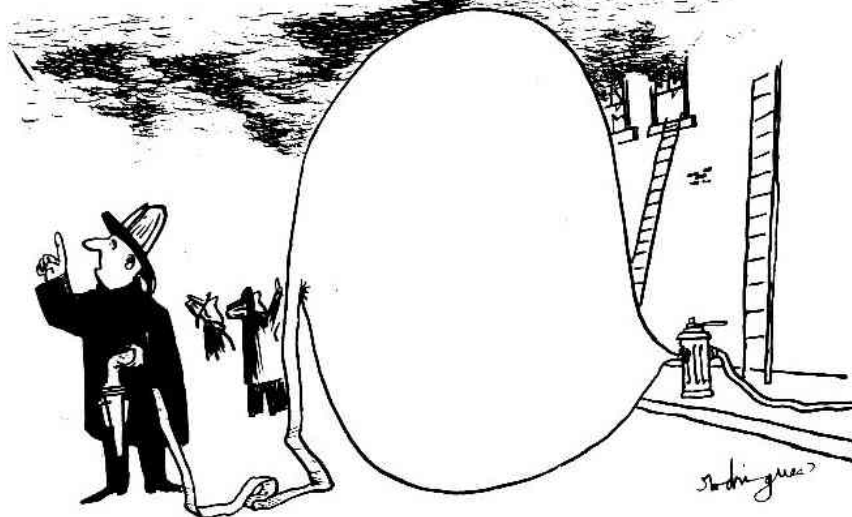
The Post Office department reports a man had 2 tons of undelivered mail in his garage. Can you imagine the interview:

REPORTER: And what is your occupation?

MAN: I'm a mailman.

REPORTER: Oh, you deliver the mail regardless of rain, snow, hail or sleet?

MAN: No, I put it all in the garage.



"Oh, Chief!"

STOLEN FROM THAT ILL MAGAZINE, THE REALIST.

New York's Mayor Robert Wagner has resigned his membership in the Veterans of Foreign Wars because they discriminate against pacifists. Well, we changed this a little as we went along, but *The Realist* can have the credit anyway.

The highpoint for us in motion picture history was in the Tarzan movies when this guy gives out with a yell like you never heard before. It wakes up all the animals in the jungle, many of whom haven't been up for years. Four guys in the audience who have been asleep for a week, fall out of their seats.

Is it true...
blondes
have more
fun?

Just be a blonde and see and then let us know, because we've had red hair for the last 15 years.

So quick and easy to get on, but o-o-h-h-h when you want it out!! Ultra-Good Lady Mare Oil is that gentle, milky hair lightener that leaves hair in wonderful condition, but your hands, ugh!

So, if you're dull blonde, or mousey brown, why don't you forget the hair rinse and take a bath instead?



YOUR HAIRDRESSER WILL TELL YOU A BLONDE'S BEST FRIEND IS **Lady Mare Oil** MILK HAIR LIGHTENER.
Of course he will, he's selling it



MY LIFE HUNG BY A THREAD WHEN I STUCK MY HEAD IN A LION'S MOUTH IN TANGANYIKA!!

1 "It seemed like sheer suicide to see how far I could stick my head in that lion's mouth," says I. M. Staggering, American friend of Canadian Mud, "but my African friends convinced me to try. After all, they pointed out to me, he has just finished eating."



HECTOR ALCOHOLIC & DTRS.
ALCOHOLIC, CANADA

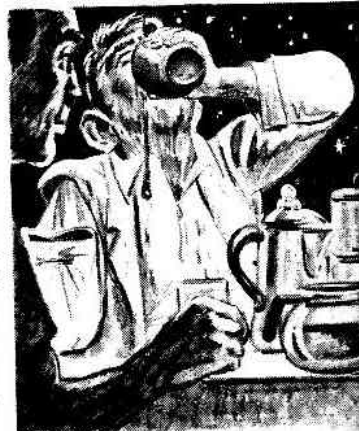
2 "Reluctantly, I inched forward slowly, but surely. Finally, at last I had the entire top half of my body in the lion's mouth!! To my horror, he started closing his mouth!!"



3 Fortunately, my good friend and stalwart buddy, Mumbo Jumbo was standing next to me and he pulled the lion's mouth open...but not before I had lost my right hand...at the shoulder!"



4 "Still shaken, I was glad to head to the nearest tavern with my friends, for a drink of my favorite beverage...black coffee, as I needed something to sober me up. I had already drunk Canadian Mud, before sticking my head in the lion's mouth, otherwise why do you think I would have done such a stupid thing in the first place if I hadn't been looped? You can stay with it all evening...and all day long too if you like...but as for me, I'll only drink coffee and sassafras tea from now on."



Canadien Mud

"The Pest in The House" in 79 lands.

SICK ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

(Continued from page 1)

*The Principal of Your School
takes this opportunity
to notify you
that you will be left back
at the end of this term.
Kindly report to this office
with your parents
for further information.*

PLEASE BE ADVISED
THAT AS YOU READ THIS
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST
AND THAT THE POLICE
HAVE YOUR HOUSE SURROUNDED
SO COME OUT QUIETLY
WITH YOUR HANDS UP
OR WE WILL SHOOT TO KILL.

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-OVER

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

County General Hospital
hereby informs you that
during your recent operation
one of our surgeons
inadvertently left a scalpel
in your pancreas.

Kindly report at once
for another operation.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

*The City Marriage Bureau
regretfully announces that
due to an oversight by our clerk
your marriage certificate is
in error
and you have been
living with your spouse illegally
these many years.
Kindly report for further
instructions.*

HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL!
NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM GOVERNMENT FILES

TOP U.S. MILITARY SECRETS

**ADVANCE PLANS
FOR WORLD WAR III**

Have you ever had the urge to be the sophisticated, mysterious, adventurous type? Have you yearned to be admired or respected as a spy? Here's your chance... just carry this magazine upside down so that your admirers can see this cover.